THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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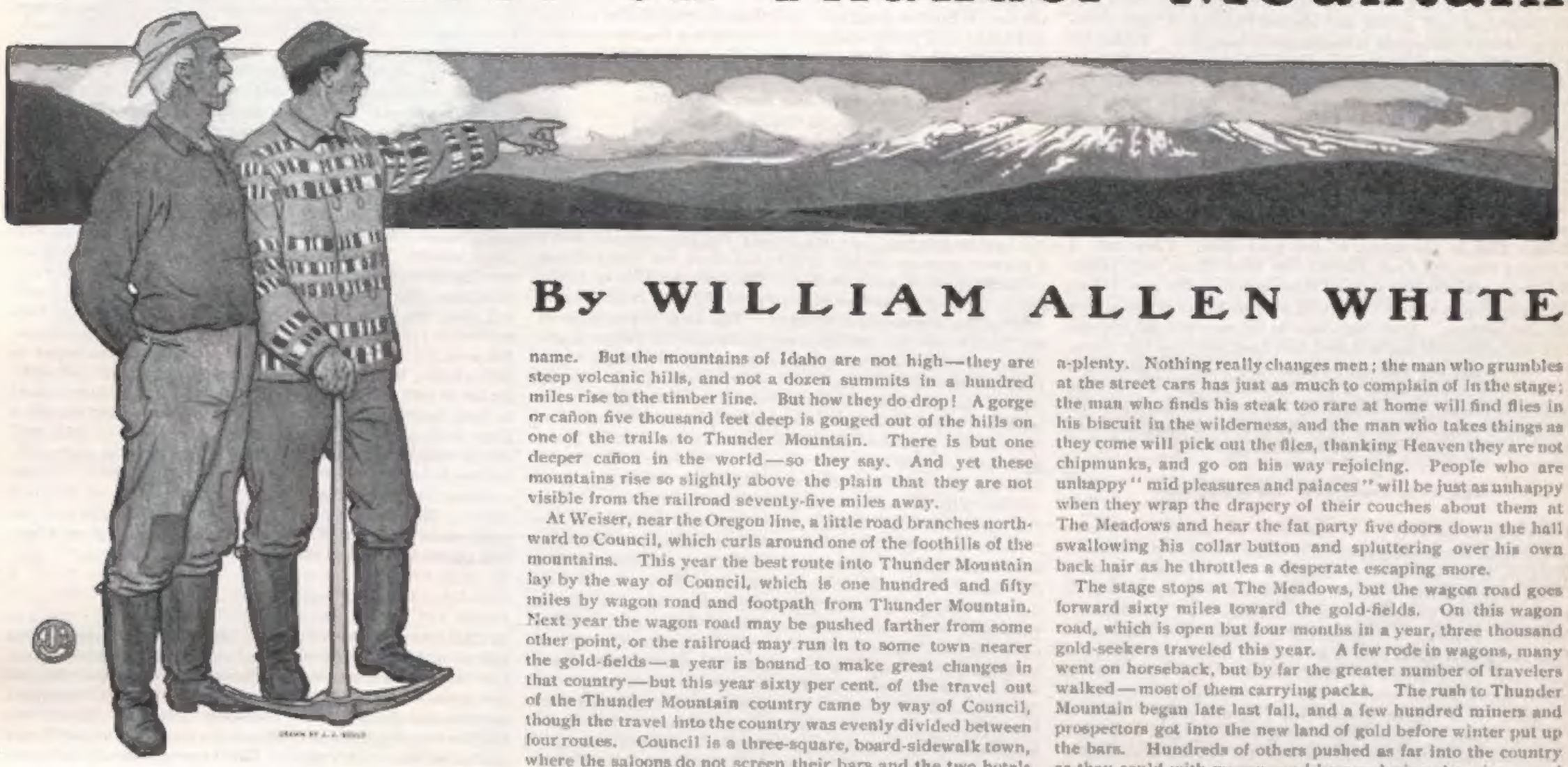
A Tenderfoot on Thunder Mountain



By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

I—THE TRAIL

THE words Thunder Mountain do not mean much, if anything, in the East. But in the West—and by the West one does not mean Buffalo and Rochester, nor even the region around Cleveland and Detroit, nor perhaps the territory tributary to Chicago and St. Louis—but rather in that newer West where one does not know or care who his neighbor's father was—in that West, Thunder Mountain is known as the name of the new gold-mining region in Central Western Idaho. One reason why news of Thunder Mountain has not come East is that Denver has closed the gate; Denver is the clearing-house for everything west of the plains. Money, Indian blankets, scenery, mining stocks, statesmen, and news from the desert and the mountains, from the coast and from the cow-country to the southwest, are dumped into the hopper at Denver. Whatever the Powers there find fit to go East, goes; other things are lost. They can tell you of Thunder Mountain in San Francisco, and in Portland, and in Salt Lake, in Butte and Los Angeles; but east of Denver is the great silence. Denver is hardly to be blamed, for there are enough great mines in the front range of the Rockies to keep a town much larger than Denver busy for many years to come.

Thus it has happened that the story of the rush to Thunder Mountain has not been told in the East. It is a brave story, certainly worthy of record. The hegira engaged thousands of men, and cost a few lives and much treasure, and it uncovered a mining district that may be one of the richest in the world. It shall be the purpose of this paper to set down something of the beauties and the hardships of the journey to the foot of the rainbow, and in another paper to tell of the pot of gold men found there.

August and September are the fairest months in Idaho. Crossing the desert, warty with sage brush, on the railroad from Huntington to Pocatello, one would never imagine that Idaho could be fair at any season, for the railroad seeks the level country, and the plains of Idaho are bald and gray and forbidding as an ocean turned to sand, and the passing seasons leave almost as little mark upon them as upon the sea. But north of the railroad, across the desert, lie the mountains. There are many little groups of mountains, the Saw Tooth Range, the Seven Devils country, the Salmon River Mountains, all so close together that, in Colorado, where the mountains are high and one may see across great distances from the peaks, these mountains would be grouped under one name. But the mountains of Idaho are not high—they are steep volcanic hills, and not a dozen summits in a hundred miles rise to the timber line. But how they do drop! A gorge or cañon five thousand feet deep is gouged out of the hills on one of the trails to Thunder Mountain. There is but one deeper cañon in the world—so they say. And yet these mountains rise so slightly above the plain that they are not visible from the railroad seventy-five miles away.

At Weiser, near the Oregon line, a little road branches northward to Council, which curls around one of the foothills of the mountains. This year the best route into Thunder Mountain lay by the way of Council, which is one hundred and fifty miles by wagon road and footpath from Thunder Mountain. Next year the wagon road may be pushed farther from some other point, or the railroad may run in to some town nearer the gold-fields—a year is bound to make great changes in that country—but this year sixty per cent. of the travel out of the Thunder Mountain country came by way of Council, though the travel into the country was evenly divided between four routes. Council is a three-square, board-sidewalk town, where the saloons do not screen their bars and the two hotels serve canned tomatoes for dinner, in little oval side-dishes, three hundred and sixty-five times a year. At Council, one day early in September of this year, five ordinary citizens in sack coats and white linen went into the parlor bedroom of the "American" hotel and came out in their hill clothes—as vicious-looking suspects as ever trailed their faces across the top of a yellow journal after a train robbery. Clothes may not make a man—probably they don't—but when a man sheds his linen and gets into flannel he divests himself of two or three generations of civilization, and when he laces his trousers inside his boots and cuts loose from his necktie he does not need so much police protection as he did in a four-dollar cravat and his patent-leather shoes. Life in one blue shirt a week loses many of its tangles, and becomes direct and simple. Right and wrong do not merge into "questionable methods" when a man is in his hill clothes, and with the passing of the complicated forms of business the sugar-coating wears off the words one uses, so that in the hills a liar and a thief and a sneak often have bitter pills to take. This is not digression, as it may seem.

The Beginning of the Blue-Shirt Country

It is necessary that the reader should know that when we left Starchland at Council and crossed into the Blue-shirt country an important border was passed. It was passed in a great lumbering stage-coach that had the rich guttural rumble of a circus wagon and suggested mysteries and marvels. The road out of Council winds through a meadow before it begins to climb; it is not a pretty meadow as meadows go, but it is shut in by most beautiful hills. The air of Idaho is colored, like the desert air, and where it lies upon a hillside a faint lavender haze or wraith seems to envelop the land. In autumn the chaparral turns scarlet and the hills glow with purples and pinks and heliotropes. They are not craggy hills. Their outlines are softened by a covering of volcanic dust.

The stage whisks over the meadows and up the hills and down again, and finally at late moonrise whirls into The Meadows. At The Meadows the log house appears, and the towel and the wash-bowl disappear from the bedroom. But the big, cheerful fireplace with its roaring fire of crackling pine logs makes up for much. Things generally even up in life. Bedsprings halt at Weiser, but at the day's end one is too tired to miss them. Meat fried till it curls at the edges needs but one sauce—hunger, and the day's ride serves it a-plenty. Nothing really changes men; the man who grumbles at the street cars has just as much to complain of in the stage; the man who finds his steak too rare at home will find flies in his biscuit in the wilderness, and the man who takes things as they come will pick out the flies, thanking Heaven they are not chipmunks, and go on his way rejoicing. People who are unhappy "mid pleasures and palaces" will be just as unhappy when they wrap the drapery of their couches about them at The Meadows and hear the fat party five doors down the hall swallowing his collar button and spluttering over his own back hair as he throttles a desperate escaping snore.

The stage stops at The Meadows, but the wagon road goes forward sixty miles toward the gold-fields. On this wagon road, which is open but four months in a year, three thousand gold-seekers traveled this year. A few rode in wagons, many went on horseback, but by far the greater number of travelers walked—most of them carrying packs. The rush to Thunder Mountain began late last fall, and a few hundred miners and prospectors got into the new land of gold before winter put up the bars. Hundreds of others pushed as far into the country as they could with wagons and horses during the winter, and camped until the snow had melted on the trail so that they could get their horses in. But that was not until early in the summer. Thousands had gone in afoot before that, and in March and April the road from The Meadows to Warrens, a matter of sixty miles, was a lively thoroughfare. It was open to horses then and the tinkle of the pack train-bell was in the pedestrian's ears all day. As one goes over the road to-day he sees tree-stumps beside the way five, six, eight and ten feet high. There were not giants in those days; but the snow was deep and men needed fuel and cut the stumps high. Hundreds of pine-bough beds on the hillsides show where gentlemen slept who couldn't ring for hot water and didn't leave a call in the office for half-past eight. There is nothing like "a hillside for a pall" to get a man up early.

The road from The Meadows to Warrens is a State road and a bad one. Those who ride over it in a wagon wish they had gone horseback, and the horsemen regret that they did not ride in the wagon. The road lies through a heavy black-pine forest and beside Payette Lake, a dark green body of water a dozen miles long and two miles wide. It seems to lie in the crater of an extinct volcano, for there are unfathomed places in the middle of the lake. By the wayside are many brooks and deep fern brakes, and in the underbrush in season quantities of huckleberries grow, and blueberries and chokecherries and thimbleberries, and great clusters of vermilion sumac that look like holly. The road runs up hill and down dale, but the summits one reaches are low and there is no view. The Payette River crosses the road nine times in an hour's drive, making a pleasant diversion in summer and in autumn; but in spring, when the river is turbulent and riotous, the man with a pack has to leave the road and go to the hills and fight his way through the underbrush where there are no trails and no landmarks. When the road leaves the Payette the traveler has come a score of miles. It is afternoon and the men on horseback are all talked out. As the day grows old they ride silently through the deep forest, and there rises in them that dumb intelligence which Nature gives to brutes; at such times men slough off language and by some quickened instinct know one another and each the other's moods. Many days and weeks and months of this will knit men closer than blood ties. The word partner to a miner or a forest-dweller has a meaning beyond its business significance. When a grunt or a shrug will start an hour's mute debate or end it the things one calls the souls of men have been welded firmly, and the influence of such a union may

not be ended in a lifetime. In cities and towns, jostling in cars, elbowing in offices, crowded in shops, we grow calloused and do not touch our comrades save as cattle in a chute. But the spell of the woods dissolves the supercuticle of civilization and brings men back to primitive things, to first principles. A month in the forest or the mountains will uncover the man God made to his fellows and to himself, naked as a bone and as simple of understanding as a dog or a horse.

We came slowly over the Warrens road toward Resort and night came upon us long before we reached our journey's end. So we rode for many hours through the forest in the darkness, and with that loneliest of earthly sounds ever in our ears, the sob of unseen waters in the woods at night, and the moaning of the pines. It is freezing cold in the Idaho woods at night in September, and when one is stiff from his first day's ride on horseback, and aching and chilled through, a light twinkling through the aspens is unspeakably beautiful. Probably, if the mines of Thunder Mountain reveal after a winter's work what they seem to hold, thousands of pilgrims will cover the ground between The Meadows and Warrens, so that a few words of advice about the route may be timely. Therefore the reader who expects to join the gold-seekers in the rush to Thunder Mountain is admonished to go by the way of Resort and its hot springs. It is the only place in the world, so far as this affiant knows, where one may get something worth having for nothing. They do not call it Resort out there, though that is the name of the post-office. They call it "Fred's Place." Fred Burdoff has been there forty years. He preempted the hot springs there a generation ago, before the Government stopped granting patents to lands containing mineral springs. Fred dug a hole at the mouth of the springs fifty feet wide and one hundred feet long and five feet deep. He walled up the hole with rough pine logs, and put a roof over his walls and made a free bathhouse there for all the people of Idaho. It is absolutely free, and the generous old German is proud of the fact that he has never charged a man for a towel or for the use of the bathhouse.

The Long Trail Over the Mountains

From Resort the ride down Sesesh Creek and over two hills to Warrens, about twenty miles, is made easily in three hours. Warrens is the last town on the trail. It is typical of its kind—an interior mining town, forty years old, suspicious of booms and new discoveries, sufficient unto itself, ramshackle, hopeless. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been taken from the placer fields near Warrens, and much more from the gold and silver mines on the hills about the town; half a dozen mines lie idle near the town—no one in Warrens cares to work them. Some Richmond, Virginia, people came to town and opened up the Silver King not long ago, and have uncovered half a million dollars' worth of ore in a few months. No one in Warrens is surprised. Every one knew the ore was there, but no one worked. No one is enthusiastic about it. No one cares. They outfit for Thunder Mountain at Warrens; pack trains loaded with groceries and supplies worm over the hills for the new gold-fields every day. The two or three merchants in Warrens are getting rich, but they are not interested in the gold at the foot of the rainbow. You will hear less about Thunder Mountain at Warrens, the last town on the trail, than you will hear in Salt Lake City five hundred miles away. Warrens is a log town with a few false fronts of lumber. At the tavern the wayfarer is introduced to the bear-grass bedtick, a practical substitute for a mattress. Bear grass grows rank and abundant all over the mountains, and deceives many travelers, who try to feed it to their horses. Unless a horse is nearly starved he will not touch it, for it is full of colic and its way leads down to death. But a tick full of it is the only luxury there is in the mountains. It is even better than a spruce-bough bed, and there are sybarites who make the base or foundation of their bed of pine overlaid with spruce and on that lay a tick of bear grass, but these choice spirits are few, for a rough road and a hard day's work put feathers in any bed.

The wagon road ends at Warrens and the trail begins. The first day's journey on the trail is not so bad; here and there a rock has been kicked out of the way and a log moved off. There are even tin cans at the springs on this first day's ride; but after that men have picked the tin cans up; they become precious, and the man who finds one leaves those who follow to use their hats or sip in the pool or go dry, and the rocks that one man can climb over, at peril of his life, may kill the next man—that is his lookout. Life is too short and powder too expensive to waste it blowing out rocks on the trail for the hindermost—he's the devil's meat, anyway. From the top of Shafer's Hill, which is four miles by the trail from Warrens, to the Valley of the South Fork of the Salmon River is 4000 feet. The drop is made in six miles. It's a pretty steep incline, and when a man makes it limping, pulling a leg-weary cayuse plug by the bridle, with a pack train kicking the dust in his face so that he has no breath to swear and has to sweat it out; when he makes it at night and has to guess at the trail, with his life-insurance as the prize for a wrong guess, if his feet are inclined to get cold the temperature will drop somewhere on that hill, and if it does not drop there, when he reaches the bottom and suddenly whirls around the corner of the hill and finds himself on a ten-inch path with a big, burly, unsympathetic mountain on his right and the South Fork three hundred feet almost sheer below, he can see the frost gather on his shoes. For the road is on a level and a tired man is on his horse, and if he gets off on the mountain side of his horse the horse will begin bucking, and if he gets off on the white man's side it is three hundred feet to a good landing-place—rather too long a distance for one jump. And besides, he might miss the river and hit a rock with the upholstering gone. And at the end of a three-hundred-feet jump that would be an unhappy place to stop. Coming back over that part of the trail in the daytime and with due warning, and with the river on the "Injun" side of the horse, it does not seem so bad. But at night to have it thrust under a man's nose without warning, that mile-and-a-half jog seems like a tryst with death. But at the end of the ride there is always a warm supper at Jack Shafer's and a merry company coming into the land of gold or going out; and there is much talk of strikes and leads, and at the end of it all there is a bear-grass mattress with a ten-million-dollar dream in it, all for fifty cents.

The Passing of the Last Amenities

Shafer's is the last ranch house on the trail. A number of amenities disappear when a man leaves Shafer's, notably children and women, and eggs and fresh milk, and earthenware dishes and lamps, and newspapers less than a week old, and fresh vegetables and politics. But for all that, life does not lose its interest. As one rounds the hill from the South Fork and goes up the Elk Creek trail there are many things to keep one from going to sleep. Because the hills of Idaho are earth-covered, and not scarred with cliffs and crags, people used to the Rockies are deceived. The dangerous places on the Rockies are the stony places; the dangerous places on the Idaho mountains often are the steep, earthy hillsides. Colorado packers first coming into the Thunder Mountain country used to tail their packs—that is, tie one mule's head to the back of the mule in front. Dozens of pack trains were lost this spring before the Colorado packers learned that the Idaho hills were steeper than they looked. There are miles of trail between Shafer's and Thunder Mountain where the path crosses hills rising at an angle of fifty-five degrees. When one animal of a tailed pack train began to stumble on the trail at that angle, the whole train was in danger, and train after train has been dumped into Elk Creek and lost. When the water is high and fording impossible there is a point on the Elk Creek trail where the earth is entirely worn off the path, and horses have to walk ten feet across rock slanting sixty degrees, with the Elk River writhing and foaming and hissing two hundred feet below like a monster snake, dying with its white belly turned skyward and its green body curling in sheeny rapids behind some great boulder. When a man is on the horse and the horse is jigging and slipping and mincing his way across those slanting rocks above the stream, he can see floral anchors and carnation pillows and white roses dance before his eyes like a moving picture. But generally a man who has any sense gets off the horse when he comes to one of those ticklish places. But the trouble is one never knows just when he is going to find one. It may turn up with the next step of the horse, or it may be a mile farther on; or on a perfectly plain path, midway between the blue sky and Elk Creek, the horse may poke his nose around the tail of a ridge and find a big rock in the path. If his left foot is next to the mountain he can get off the horse; if not he can stay on and either pull the horse up the hill around the rock, or risk his neck by letting the horse scamper over it. The result of these impediments in the trail is that a man rides mostly with his toes in the stirrup, like an Englishman, and keeps his eyes glued to the path in front of him. He has no time for scenery. Probably there is more beautiful scenery left absolutely unused and as good as new on the Elk Creek trail than anywhere in the country. If it could only be gathered up and brought to some gently rolling country like the Rocky Mountains, where people could see it from a cog road, it would make its finder a fortune.

Naturally, on the Elk Creek trail men do not engage in airy persiflage. The ride is generally made in silence, and even swearing stops. Mathematicians have figured it out that more praying has been done on the ten miles of the Elk Creek trail than on any other ten miles in Idaho. Men who have come along this trail when it was full of frozen snow or slippery slush say they shall remember that trip when they have been dead three hundred years, and will never venture over it in April without a rope, even though they are angels with wings. Yet no one ever was killed on the trail by falling, but hundreds have been scared out of ten years' growth; so it has reduced the life rate even if it hasn't been fatal. At the thought of going out many a strong man has dallied with the temptation to stay in till a railroad shall come. But as he goes farther into the country other cañons yawn at him, and the memory of Elk Creek fades, or by comparison rises like a dream of peace. It's all in getting used to it, as the man said going through the threshing machine.

Near the head of Elk Creek is the spring where travelers stop to eat their luncheons. There one bids farewell to light bread if he has been wise enough to ask Owen, the Chinaman at Shafer's, to make a sandwich. For in Thunder Mountain men do the cooking, and the prevailing bread is a stuff called bannock, made of water, flour and baking powder—a kind of cross between chicken food and a flapjack. There never was a man who could cook anything who couldn't make a flapjack, and when he can put in the base, as it were, with his left hand, and make it harmonize in bannock, the average man thinks he is a camp cook; just as the average High School girl thinks she is ready for Life's Duties when she can make angel-food cake and two kinds of fudge. On a busy day three or four outfits would be sitting on the grass at the head of Elk Creek eating luncheon, the pack animals browsing up the gulley and the men trading news of the world for news of the gold-fields. For the Elk Creek trail was a highway of commerce this year and men met there from "every kindred, every tribe on this terrestrial ball": round-headed Finns, brown-eyed Welshmen, "cousin Jacks," Micks, big-fisted Dutchmen, lean cow-punchers and fat bartenders, little Chinamen and big Englishmen; and as the bells of the pack-mules tinkled memories of home for the travelers, images were conjured there from the uttermost parts of the earth. From Elk Creek the trail rises abruptly to Elk Summit, and much of the way lies through burned timber. It is a desolate way; the naked bleached trees stand up like gray spectres, and the gray volcanic ashes that make the soil, and the gray granite stones that bulge through give the scene the atmosphere of long-forgotten death, death without sorrow. It is a cheerless place, and depresses men as they ride through it; but it is only the vestibule to the black despair of a recently burned forest, where all the tree-trunks are charred, and the underbrush stands blackened and the earth is covered with black mould. As we rode through this gloom with its grimness upon us there came from far up the mountain the voice of a man singing. We knew it was a song before we could tell what the man was singing, for the thin wire of tune seemed to tangle in the trees, and we could not hold the strain. But soon the voice came nearer and filled the blackness as with a light; he was evidently running down the hill pell-mell, for his breath was a trifle short at times. In another moment he had burst through the black background, and we saw a great hulking man with a whole summer's crop of pick-and-shovel whiskers lamming a dilatory mule with a push-pole, and we heard him roaring from the core of his heart, "Home—home, Swe-e-et, Sweet home," and we lifted our hats and cheered him as he passed. Whereupon the despair of the place went away and we rode merrily into the green woods and up the hill toward the sky-line.

In the Path of the Avalanche

At Elk Summit the character of the country changes. We had been riding two days through a granite country with here and there a little lava running over it. But on Elk Summit the granite stopped and the rocks, which grew barer and balder upon the hills, were porphyry. For many miles from the Summit one could see yellow hills, stained often with iron and sometimes with copper. Great raw places torn by snow-slides revealed porphyry drift, ash-white or brown or yellow, and gashes down a mountain's pine hide showed the red ledge outcropping. For several miles down the hill the trail lay through the paths of snow-slides, and once beside the path we saw the clothes of men who were killed last March in a slide. There were three killed, and one who faced the avalanche and jumped upon it as on an approaching wave was saved. The others who ran were borne under and crushed. When they found the bodies a week later the snow was melted all about one poor fellow by the heat of his body. He must have lived several days out there alone with his bones broken. When Nature hides her gold she is often cruel to those who seek her treasures. But her cruelties do not stop others, for the caravan has been passing that little heap of clothes by the trail all summer and none of the gold-seekers have been stopped by it. The trail down from Elk Summit to Big Creek lies through a dreary waste. Even in autumn when the mountains should be beautiful there is little to charm one away from the desolation of the scarred hills. The tracks of the snow-slides show one how steep are the mountains, who is perhaps tricked by the forest about him into forgetting the slant of the hills above him and below him; and the roar of the innumerable mountain streams fills one's ears and proves what a downward plunge the waters must be taking. In spring one who comes out of this wilderness may hear that roar in fancy above the clatter of wagons and cars and the boom of trade in a great city. Those who have heard it then say that it haunts one for weeks like a dreadful dream. And they say that one who has heard the terrific crash of a snow-slide can hear it all his life. There is no other sound on earth so awful. The slide is the one thing they fear in the Thunder Mountain country. Man can conquer everything else. A capitalist from Pennsylvania who has seen the kittenish little slides of that country blew into Thunder Mountain and started to open a camp on Lava Creek. He picked out the place for his cabin, but the foreman objected that it was in the track of a slide. The man suggested building a forty-foot bulkhead across the track, but the foreman, who was an eloquent man, shook his head and said sadly: "No, no, that's too much trouble; just pin up a trespass notice. That will do as well!"

Between Shafer's and Thunder Mountain, a distance of sixty miles, there is no place of public entertainment for man or beast. If the wayfarer cannot persuade some miner to divide his cabin, the wayfarer will have to sleep out. There were

(Continued on Page 14)

THE GOLDEN CASTAWAYS

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

THE STORY OF GROSSENSTECK'S MISHAP AND OF HOW HIS DAUGHTER SAVED HIS RESCUER FROM BEING KILLED BY KINDNESS

—I PLUNGED INTO THE FRAY

ALL I did was to pull him out by the seat of his trousers. The fat old thing had gone out in the dark to the end of the yacht's boat-boom and was trying to worry in the dingy with his toe when plump he dropped into a six-knot ebb tide. Of course if I hadn't happened along in a launch he might have drowned, but as for anything heroic on my part — why, the very notion is preposterous. The whole affair only lasted half a minute, and in five he was aboard his yacht and drinking hot Scotch in a plush dressing-gown. It was natural that his wife and daughter should be frightened, and natural, too, I suppose, that when they had finished crying over him that they should cry over *me*. He had taken a chance with the East River, and it had been the turn of a hair whether he floated down the current a dead grocer full of brine, or stood in that cabin a live one full of grog. Oh, no, I am not saying a word against *them*. But as for Grossensteck himself, he ought really to have known better, and it makes me flush even now to recall his monstrous perversion of the truth. He called me a hero to my face. He invented details to which my dry clothes gave the lie direct. He threw fits of gratitude. His family were theatrically commanded to regard me well so that my countenance might be forever imprinted on their hearts; and they, poor devils, in a seventh heaven to have him back safe and sound in their midst, regarded and regarded, and imprinted and imprinted till I felt like a perfect ass masquerading as a Hobson.

It was all I could do to tear myself away. Grossensteck clung to me. Mrs. Grossensteck clung to me. Teresa — that was the daughter — Teresa, too, clung to me. I had to give my address. I had to take theirs. Medals were spoken of; gold watches with inscriptions; a common purse on which I was requested to confer the favor of drawing for the term of my natural life. I departed in a blaze of glory, and though I could not but see the ridiculous side of the affair (I mean as far as I was concerned), I was moved by so affecting a family scene, and glad indeed to think that the old fellow had been spared to his wife and daughter. I had even a pang of envy, for I could not but contrast myself with Grossensteck, and wonder if there were two human beings in the world who would have cared a snap whether I lived or died. Of course, that was just a passing mood, for as a matter of fact I am a man with many friends, and I knew some would feel rather miserable were I to make a hole in salt water. But, you see, I had just had a story refused by Schoonmaker's Magazine; a good story, too, and that always gives me a sinking feeling — to think that after all these years I am still on the borderland of failure and can never be sure of acceptance even by the second-class periodicals for which I write. However, in a day or two I managed to unload The Case Against Phillpots on somebody else, and off I started for the New Jersey coast with a hundred and fifty dollars in my pocket and no end of plans for a long autumn holiday.

I never gave another thought to Grossensteck until one morning, as I was sitting on the veranda of my boarding-house, the postman appeared and requested me to sign for a registered package. I opened it with some trepidation, for I had caught that fateful name written crosswise in the corner and began at once to apprehend the worst. I think I have as much assurance as any man, but it took all I had and more, too, when I unwrapped a gold medal the thickness and shape of an enormous checker and deciphered the following inscription:

Presented to
HUGO DUNDONALD, ESQUIRE,
for having
With Signal Heroism, Gallantry and Presence of Mind
rescued
On the night of June third, 1900,
the life of
HERMANN GROSSENSTECK
From the Dark and Treacherous Waters of the East River.

The thing was as thick as two silver dollars laid the one on the other, and gold — solid, ringing, massy gold — all the way through; and it was associated with a blue satin ribbon, besides, which was to serve for sporting it on my manly bosom. I set it on the rail and laughed — laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks — while the other boarders crowded about me; handed it from hand to hand; grew excited to think they had a hero in their midst, and put down my explanations to the proverbial modesty of the brave. Blended with my amusement were some qualms at the intrinsic value of the medal, for it could scarcely have cost less than three or four hundred dollars, and it worried me to think that Grossensteck must have drawn so lavishly on his savings. It had not occurred to me either before or then that he was rich; somehow in the bare cabin of the schooner I had received no such impression of his means. I had not even realized the vessel was his own, taking it for granted that it had been hired all standing for a week or two with the put-by economies of a year. His home address ought to have set me right, but I had not taken the trouble to read it, slipping it into my pocketbook more to oblige him than with any idea of following up the acquaintance. It was one of the boarders that enlightened me.

"Grossensteck!" he exclaimed, "why, that's the great cheap grocer of New York, the Park & Tilden of the lower orders! There are greenbacks in his rotten tea, you know, and places to leave your baby while you buy his sanded sugar, and if you save eighty tags of his syrup you get a silver spoon you wouldn't be found dead with! Oh, everybody knows Grossensteck!"

"Well, I pulled the great cheap grocer out of the East River," I said. "There was certainly a greenback in that tea," and I took another look at my medal and began to laugh all over again.

"There's no reason why you should ever have another grocery bill," said the boarder—"that is, if flavor cuts no figure with you, and you'd rather eat condemned army stores than not!"

I sat down and wrote a letter of thanks. It was rather a nice letter, for I could not but feel pleased at the old fellow's gratitude even if it were a trifle overdone, and when all's said, it was undoubtedly a fault on the right side. I disclaimed the heroism and bantered him good-naturedly about the medal, which, of course, I said I should value tremendously and wear on appropriate occasions. I wondered at the time what occasion could be appropriate to decorate one's self with a gold saucer covered with lies—but, naturally, I didn't go into that to *him*. When you accept a solid chunk of gold you might as well be handsome about it, and I piled it on about his being long spared to his family and to a world that wouldn't know how to get along without him. Yes, it was a stunning letter, and I've often had the pleasure of reading it since in a splendid frame below my photograph.

I had been a month or more in New York and December was already well advanced before I looked up my Grossensteck, which I did one late afternoon as I happened to be passing in their direction. It was a house of forbidding splendor on the Fifth Avenue side of Central Park, and as I trod its marble halls I could not but repeat to myself: "Behold, the grocer's dream!" But I could make no criticism of my reception by Mrs. Grossensteck and Teresa, whom I found at home and delighted to see me. Mrs. Grossensteck was a stout, jolly, motherly woman; common, of course, but — if you can understand what I mean — common in a nice way, and honest and unpretentious and likable. Teresa, whom I had scarcely noticed on the night of the accident, was a charmingly pretty girl of eighteen, very *chic* and gay, with pleasant manners and a contagious laugh. She had arrived, obviously, at the turn of the Grossensteck fortunes, and might, in refinement and everything else, have belonged to another clay. How often one sees that in America, the land above others of social contrast, where in the same family there are often three separate degrees of caste.

Well, to get along with my visit. I liked them and they liked me, and I returned later the same evening to dine and meet Papa. I found him as impassionedly grateful as before, and with a tale that trespassed even further on the incredible; and after dinner we all sat round a log fire and talked ourselves into a sort of intimacy. They were wonderfully good people, and though we hadn't a word in common nor an idea we somehow managed to hit it off, as one often can with those who are unaffectedly frank and simple. I remember crying over the death of little Hermann in the steerage and how Grossensteck had sneaked him gingersnaps from the slop baskets of the saloon.

"The little teffil never knew where they come from," said Grossensteck, "and so what matters it?"

"That's Papa's name in the slums," said Teresa. "Uncle Gingersnaps, because at all his stores they give away so many for nothing."

"By Jove," I said, "there are some nicknames that are patents of nobility!"

What impressed me as much as anything with these people was their loneliness. Parvenus are not always pushing and self-seeking, nor do they invariably throw down the ladder by which they have climbed. The Grossensteck would have been so well content to keep their old friends, but poverty hides its head from the glare of wealth and takes fright at altered conditions.

"They come — yes," said Mrs. Grossensteck, "but they are scared of the fine house, of the high-toned help, of everything being gold, you know, and fashionable. And when Papa sends their son to college or gives the girl a little stocking against her marriage day, they slink away ashamed. Oh, Mr. Dundonald, but it's hard to thank and be thanked, especially when the favors are all on one side!"

"The rich have efferyting," said Grossensteck, "but friends — Nein!"

New ones had apparently never come to take the places of the old; and the old had melted away. Theirs was a life of solitary grandeur varied with dinner-parties to their managers

. . . THE LAST PERSON . . .
TO CARE FOR A MAN
OF FORTY

and salesmen. Socially speaking their house was a desert island, and they themselves three castaways on a golden rock, scanning the empty seas for a sail. To carry on the metaphor, I might say I was the sail and welcomed accordingly. I was everything that they were not; I was poor; I mixed with people whose names filled them with awe; my own was often given at first nights and things of the sort. In New York, the least snobbish of great cities, a man need have but a dress suit and car-fare—if he be the right kind of man, of course—to go anywhere and hold up his head with the best. In a place so universally rich there is even a certain piquancy in being a pauper. The Grossenstecks were overcome to think I shined my own shoes and had to calculate my shirts, and the fact that I was no longer young (that's the modern formula for forty) and next door to a failure in the art I had followed for so many years, served to whet their pity and their regard. My little trashy love-stories seemed to them the fruits of genius, and they were convinced, the poor simpletons, that the big magazines were banded in a conspiracy to block my way to fame.

"My dear poy," said Grossensteck, "you know as much of peeziness as a child unporn, and I tell you it's the same efferywhere—in groceries, in hardware, in the alkali trade, in effery pranch of industry, the pig operators stand shoulder to shoulder to spifficate the little fellers like you. You must combine with the other producers; you must line up and preak through the ring; you must scare them out of their poots, and I'll help you do it, my poy."

In their naive interest in my fortunes the Grossenstecks rejoiced at an acceptance and were correspondingly depressed at my failures. A fifteen-dollar poem would make them happy for a week; and when some of my editors were slow to pay—on the literary frontiers there is a great deal of this sort of procrastination—Uncle Gingersnaps was always hot to put the matter into the hands of his collectors and commence legal proceedings in default.

Little by little I drifted into a curious intimacy with the Grossenstecks. Their house by degrees became my refuge. I was given my own suite of rooms; my own latch-key; I came and went unremarked; and what I valued most of all was that my privacy was respected and no one thought to intrude upon me when I closed my door. In time I managed to alter the whole house to my liking, and spent their money like water in the process. Gorgeousness gave way to taste; I won't be so fatuous as to say my taste; but mine in conjunction with the best decorators in New York. One was no longer blinded by magnificence, but found rest and peace and beauty. Teresa and I bought the pictures. She was a wonderfully clever girl, full of latent appreciation and understanding which until then had lain dormant in her breast. I quickened those unsuspected fires, and though I do not vaunt my own judgment as anything extraordinary, it represented at least the conventional standard and was founded on years of observation and training. We let the old masters go as something too smudgy and recondite for any but experts, learning our lesson over one Correggio which nearly carried us into the courts, and bought modern Americans instead, among them some fine examples of our best men. We had a glorious time doing it, too, and showered the studios with golden rain—in some where it was evidently enough needed.

There was something childlike in the Grossenstecks' confidence in me; I mean the old people, for it was otherwise with Teresa, with whom I often quarreled over my artistic reforms and who took any conflict in taste to heart. There were whole days when she would not speak to me at all, while I, on my side, was equally obstinate, and all this, if you please, about some miserable tapestry or a Louis-Seize chair, or the right light for a picture of Will H. Low's. But she was such a sweet girl and so pretty that one could not be angry with her long, and what with our fights and our makings-up I dare say we made it more interesting to each other than if we had always agreed. It was only once that our friendship was put in real jeopardy, and that was when her parents decided they could not die happy unless we made a match of it. This was embarrassing for both of us, and for a while she treated me very coldly. But we had it out together one evening in the library and decided to let the matter make no difference to us, going on as before, the best of friends.

I was the last person to expect a girl of eighteen to care for a man of forty, particularly one like myself, ugly and gray-haired. In fact, I had to laugh, one of those sad laughs that come to us with the years, at the thought of anything so absurd; and I soon got her to give up her tragic pose and see the humor of it all as I did. So we treated it as a joke, rallied the old folks on their sentimental folly and let it pass.

It set me thinking, however, a great deal about the girl and her future, and I managed to make interest with several of my friends and get her invited to some good houses. Of course it was impossible to carry the old people into this *galère*. They were frankly impossible, but fortunately so meek and humble that it never occurred to them to assert themselves or resent their daughter's going to places where they would have been refused. Uncle Gingersnaps would have paid money to stay at home and Mrs. Grossensteck had too much homely pride to put herself in a false position. They saw indeed only another reason to be grateful to me, and another example of my surpassing kindness. Pretty, by no means a fool, and gowned by the best *couturières* of Paris, Teresa made quite a hit, and blossomed as girls do in the social sunshine. The following year, in the whirl of a gay New York winter, one would scarcely have recognized her as the same person. She had "made good," as boys say, and had used my stepping-stones to carry her far beyond my ken.

OF COURSE SHE WAS QUITE RIGHT—HORRIBLY RIGHT . . .

In her widening interests, broader range and increased worldly knowledge we became naturally better friends than ever and met on the common ground of those who led similar lives. What man would not value the intimacy of a young, beautiful and clever woman; in some ways it is better than love itself, for love is a duel, with wounds given and taken, and its pleasures dearly paid for. Between Teresa and myself there was no such disturbing bond, and we were at liberty to be altogether frank in our intercourse.

One evening when I happened to be dining at the house, the absence of her father and the indisposition of her mother left us tête-à-tête in the smoking-room whither she came to keep me company with my cigar. I saw that she was restless and with something on her mind to tell me, but I was too old a stager to force a confidence, least of all a woman's, and so I waited, said nothing and blew smoke-rings.

"Hugo," she said, "there is something I wish to speak to you about."

"I've known that for the last hour, Teresa," I said.

"This is something serious," she said.

"Blaze away," I said.

"Hugo," she broke out, "you have been borrowing money from my father."

I nodded.

"A great deal of money," she went on.

"For him—no," I said. "For me—well, yes."

"Eight or nine hundred dollars," she said.

"Those are about the figures," I returned. "Call it nine hundred."

"Oh, how could you! How could you!" she exclaimed.

I remained silent. In fact, I did not know what to say.

"Don't you see the position you're putting yourself in?" she said.

"Position?" I repeated. "What position?"

"It's horrible, it's ignoble," she broke out. "I have always admired you for the way you kept yourself clear of such an ambiguous relation—you've known to the fraction of an inch what to take, what to refuse—to preserve your self-respect—my respect—unimpaired. And here I see you slipping into degradation. Oh, Hugo, I can't bear it."

"Is it such a crime to borrow a little money?" I asked.

"Not if you pay it back," she returned. "Not if you mean to pay it back. But you know you can't. You know you won't!"

"You think it's the thin edge of the wedge?" I said. "The beginning of the end and all that kind of thing?"

"You will go on," she cried. "You will become a dependent in this house, a hanger-on, a sponger. I shall hate you. You will hate yourself. It went through me like a knife when I found it out."

I smoked my cigar in silence. Of course she was quite right—horribly right, though I didn't like her any better for being so plain-spoken about it. I felt myself turning red under her gaze.

"What do you want me to do?" I said.

"Pay it back," she said.

"I wish I could," I said. "But you know how I live, Teresa, hanging on by the skin of my teeth—hardly able to keep my head above water, let alone having a dollar to spare."

"Then you can't pay," she said.

"I don't think I can," I returned.

"Then you ought to leave this house," she said.

"You have certainly made it impossible for me to stay, Teresa," I said.

"I want to make it impossible," she cried. "You—you don't understand—you think I'm cruel—it's because I like you, Hugo—it's because you're the one man I admire above anybody in the world. I'd rather see you starving than dishonored."

"Thank you for your kind interest," I said ironically. "Under the circumstances I am almost tempted to wish you admired me less."

"Am I not right?" she demanded.

"Perfectly right," I returned. "Oh, yes, perfectly right."

"And you'll go?" she said.

"Yes, I'll go," I said.

"And earn the money and pay father?" she went on.

"And earn the money and pay father," I repeated.

"And then come back?" she added.

"Never, never, never," I cried out.

I could see her pale under the lights.

"Oh, Hugo, don't be so ungenerous," she said. "Don't be so—so——" She hesitated, apparently unable to continue.

"Ungenerous or not," I said, "this isn't a time to weigh words. It isn't in flesh and blood to come back. I can't come back. Put yourself in my place."

"Some day you'll thank me," she said.

"Very possibly," I returned; "nobody knows what may not happen. It's conceivable, of course, I might go down on my bended knees, but really, from the way I feel at this moment, I do not think it's likely."

"You want to punish me for liking you," she said.

"Teresa," I said, "I have told you already that you are right. You insist on saving me from a humiliating position. I respect your courage and your straightforwardness. You remind me of an ancient Spartan having it out with a silly ass of a stranger who took advantage of her parents' good nature. I am as little vain, I think, as any man, and as free from pettiness and idiotic pride—but you mustn't ask the impossible. You mustn't expect the whipped dog to come back. When I go it will be forever."

"Then go," she said, and looked me straight in the eyes.

"I have only one thing to ask," I said. "Smooth it over to your father and mother. I am very fond of your father and mother, Teresa; I don't want them to think I've acted badly, or that I have ceased to care for them. Tell them the necessary lies, you know."

"I will tell them," she said.

"Then good-by," I said, rising. "I suppose I am acting like a baby to feel so hurt. But I am hurt."

"Good-by, Hugo," she said.

I went to the door and down the stairs. She followed and stood looking after me the length of the hall as I slowly put on my hat and coat. That was the last I saw of her—in the

shadow of a palm, her girlish figure outlined against the black behind. I walked into the street with a heart like lead, and for the first time in my life I began to feel I was growing old.

I have been from my youth up an easy-going man, a drifter, a dawdler, always willing to put off work for play. But for once I pulled myself together, looked things in the face and put my back to the wheel. I was determined to repay that nine hundred dollars if I had to cut every dinner-party for the rest of the season. I was determined to repay it if I had to work as I had never worked before. My first move was to change my address. I didn't want Uncle Gingersnaps ferreting me out and Mrs. Grossensteck weeping on my shoulder. My next was to cancel my whole engagement book. My third to turn over my wares and rack my head for ideas.

I had had a long standing order from Granger's Weekly for a novelette. I had always hated novelettes, as one had to wait so long for one's money and then get so little; but in the humor I then found myself I plunged into the fray, if not with enthusiasm, at least with a dogged perseverance that was almost as good. Granger's Weekly liked triviality and dialogue, a lot of fuss about nothing and a happy ending. I gave it to them in a heaping measure. Dixie's Monthly, from which I had a short-story order, set dialect above rubies. I didn't know any dialect, but I borrowed a year's file and learned it like a lesson. They wrote and asked me for another on the strength of The Courting of Amandar Jane. The Permeator was keen on Kipling and water, and I gave it to them—especially the water. Like all Southern families the Dundonalds had once had their day. I had traveled everywhere when I was a boy, and so I accordingly refreshed my dim memories with some modern travelers and wrote a short series for The Little Gentleman: A Boy in the Carpathians, A Boy in Old Louisiana, A Boy in the Tyrol, A Boy in London, A Boy in Paris, A Boy at the Louvre, A Boy in Corsica, A Boy in the Reconstruction. I reeled off about twenty of them.

It was a terribly dreary task, and I had moments of revolt when I stamped up and down my little flat, and felt like throwing my resolution to the winds. But I stuck tight to the ink-bottle and fought the thing through. My novelette, strange to say, was good. Written against time and against inclination it has always been regarded since as the best thing I ever did, and when published in book form outran three editions. I made a thundering lot of money—for *me*, I mean, and in comparison to my usual income—seldom under five hundred dollars a month and often more. In eleven weeks I had repaid Grossensteck and had a credit in the bank. Nine hundred dollars has always remained to me as a unit of value, a sum of agonizing significance not lightly to be spoken of, the fruits of dogged industry and self-denial. All this while I had never a word from the Grossensteck. At least they wrote to me often—telephoned—telegraphed—and my box at the club was choked with their letters. But I did not open a single one of them, though I found a pleasure in turning them over and over and wondering as to what was within them. There were several in Teresa's fine hand, and these tantalized me unspeakably. There was one of hers, cunningly addressed to me in a stranger's writing, that I opened inadvertently; but I at once perceived the trick and had the strength of mind to throw it in the fire unread.

Perhaps you will wonder at my childishness. Sometimes I wondered at it myself. But the wound still smarted and something stronger than I seemed to withhold me from again breaking the ice. Besides, during those long lonely weeks, and those nights, almost as long in the retrospect, when I lay sleepless on my bed, had shown me I had been drifting into another peril no less dangerous than dependence. I had been thinking too much of the girl for my own good, and our separation had brought me to a realization of how deeply I was beginning to care for her. I hated her, too, the pitiless wretch; so there was a double reason for me not to go back.

One night as I had dressed to dine out and stepped into the street, looking up at the snow that hid the stars and silenced one's footsteps on the pavement, a woman emerged from the gloom, and before I knew what she was doing had caught my arm. I stopped, and was on the point of roughly ordering her to let me go when I looked down into her veiled face and saw that it was Teresa Grossensteck.

"Hugo!" she said. "Hugo!"

I could only repeat her name and regard her helplessly.

"Hugo," she said. "I am cold. Take me upstairs. I am chilled through and through."

"Oh, but Teresa," I expostulated. "It wouldn't be right. You know it wouldn't be right. You might be seen."

She laid her hand, her ungloved, icy hand against my cheek.

"I have been here an hour," she said. "Take me to your rooms. I am freezing."

I led her up the stairs and to my little apartment. I seated her before the fire, turned up the lights, and looked at her.

"What have you come here for?" I said. "I've paid your father—paid him a month ago."

She made no answer, but spread her hands before the fire and shivered in the glow. She kept her eyes fixed on the coals in front of her and put out the tips of her little slippered feet. Then I perceived that she was in a ball-gown and that her arms were bare under her opera cloak.

At last she broke the silence.

"How cheerless your room is," she said, looking about.

"Did you come here to tell me that?" I said.

"No," she said. "I don't know why I came. Because I was a fool, I suppose—a fool to think you'd want to see me. Take me home, Hugo." She rose as she said this and looked toward the door. I pressed her to take a little whisky, for she was still as cold as death and as white as the snow queen in Hans Andersen's tale, but she refused it.

"Take me home, please," she repeated.

Her carriage was waiting a block away. Hendricks, the footman, received my order with impassivity and shut us in together with the unconcern of a good servant. It was dark in the carriage and neither of us spoke as we whirled through the snowy streets. Once the lights of a passing hansom illumined my companion's face and I saw that she was crying. It pleased me to see her suffer; she had cost me eleven weeks of misery; why should she escape scot-free!

"Hugo," she said, "are you coming back to us, Hugo?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Why don't you know?" she asked.

"Oh, because," I said.

"That's no answer," she said.

There was a pause.

"I was beginning to care too much about you," I said at last. "I was beginning to fall in love with you. I've got out of one false position. Why should I blunder into another?"

"Would it be a false position to love me?" she said.

"Of course that would a good deal depend on you," I said.

"Suppose I wanted you to," she said.

"Oh, but you couldn't," I said.

"Why couldn't I?" she said.

"But forty," I objected; "nobody loves anybody who's forty, you know."

"I do," she said, "though come to think of it you were thirty-nine—when—when it first happened, Hugo."

I put out my arms in the dark and caught her to me. I could not believe my own good fortune as I felt her trembling and crying against my breast. I was humbled and ashamed. It was like a dream. An old fellow like me—forty!

"It was a mighty near thing, Teresa," I said.

"I guess it was—for me!" she said.

"I meant myself, sweetheart," I said.

"For both of us, then," she conceded, and her arms around my neck queered my dress tie for the rest of the evening.

A Tip from "Patent-Right" Belcher

By HOLMAN F. DAY

"PATENT-RIGHT" Belcher of Scarboro Flat
Has recently asked for a caveat—
A caveat
On a "Patent Cat
Identifier
Releaser and Tryer."
He has figured it out
Beyond a doubt
That it's going to win.
If you want to get in
On the strength of a block
Of treasury stock,
Apply for prospectus and terms and all that
To "Patent-right" Belcher of Scarboro Flat.

Announces Mr. Belcher: "There is skerce a man but knows
That a cat's a pesky bother, the way she comes and goes.
A cat's a tarnal trouble, but so long's ye have your cat,
Ye have got to chase and tend her—and here's what I am at!
There's forty million fam'lies that own a cat and dog,
The scheme's as broad's the nation and 'twill set the land agog.
There's a hundred nights in winter when a cat is out and in—
A yowlin' first to be let out and then let in ag'in.
Then there's traipsin' to the winder and traipsin' to the door,
Ye're bound to ketch your death o' cold by steppin' on the floor;
And then it's pay for doctorin' and drugs and all of that,
And all for lack of science for to figger on the cat.
Forty million people and eighty million feet
And a thousand million cuss-words too awful to repeat,
Colds and coughs and sneezes—and all of this because
No man but Ezra Belcher's dug relief from Nature's laws.

"After years of careful study it is shown beyond a doubt
A cat stands up and scratches when she wants to be let out.
Stands up and yowls and scratches ag'in the outer door,
Then pushes on the panel, slidin' down toward the floor.
So the 'Belcher Safety Panel,' hinged above and free below,
Affords convenient exit when the cat is bound to go;
Swings outward when she pushes, but only outward swings,
For otherwise 'twould flood a house with skunks and other things.

"Now, contr'wise, please notice, when a cat begins to yearn
For shelter from the stormy blast to doors she'll not return,
But she hustles to a winder and she leaps upon the sill,
And 'm-raows' and 'yows' in plaintive tones and keeps it up until
Ye flop the bedclothes off ye and stub ag'in a chair,
Bang up the frosty winder and snarl, 'Ding blame ye! There!'

"But my 'Cat Identifier!' At her very first 'Mer-aouw!'
The dog gets up to listen—it's his nature anyhow—
So, here observe the value of knowing Nature's laws;
In standing up to see her he will always put his paws
On the sill inside the winder—the sill is made to tip,
A pane of glass tips with it, and in the cat may slip—
That is, she gets admitted if she gets identified
By the dog that's at the window—all strange cats stay outside.
But the cat that knows the password comes in from out the storm,
And the goodwife doesn't worry and the goodman's feet stay warm,
And the doctors are lamenting and the cough-cure men are sad,
But forty million fam'lies are all exceedin' glad.
For there hain't no use in talkin', that land is surely blest
Where the house-cats cease from troublin' and the weary are at rest."

So "Patent-right" Belcher of Scarboro Flat
Has put in his claim for a caveat—
A caveat
On a "Patent Cat
Identifier
Releaser and Tryer."
There isn't a doubt
It is bound to win out.
There's room for some more
On the strictly ground floor.
But you've got to be spry—
Stock's going sky-high.
For prospectus and diagrams, terms and all that,
Write "Patent-right" Belcher of Scarboro Flat.

THE PIT

By Frank Norris

A Word to New Readers—With this week's installment of The Pit begins the story of Curtis Jadwin's gigantic speculations and his corner of the world's wheat supply.

"SAM," HE SAID, "THE TIME IS COME FOR A GREAT BIG CHANGE"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—After a troublesome period of uncertainty and introspection during which she balanced between the claims of three suitors, Sheldon Corthell, Landry Court and Curtis Jadwin, Laura Dearborn finally chose Jadwin. Corthell accepted his dismissal gracefully and left immediately for Europe; Landry, much younger, soon showed a disposition to console himself with Page, Laura's younger sister; Jadwin took his happiness exuberantly and continued to make money at every turning of his hand. Real estate was his specialty and he had done remarkably well in it, but he had underlying his caution a strong love of speculative excitement. A taste of this he had recently been given by his friend, "Sam" Gretry, head of a large and conservative brokerage house, but a man not averse to an occasional flyer for easy money on what he deemed reliable inside information.

CHAPTER VIII

THE months passed. Soon three years had gone by, and the third winter since the ceremony in St. James' Church drew to its close.

Since that day when, acting upon the foreknowledge of the French import duty, Jadwin had sold his million of bushels short, the price of wheat had been steadily going down. From .93 and .94 it had dropped to the eighties. Heavy crops the world over had helped the decline. No one was willing to buy wheat. The Bear leaders were strong, unassailable. Lower and lower sagged the price; now it was .75, now .72. From all parts of the country, in solid, waveless tides, wheat—the mass of it incessantly crushing down the price—came rolling in upon Chicago and the Board of Trade Pit. All over the world the farmers saw season after season of good crops. They were good in the Argentine Republic and on the Russian steppes. In India, on the little farms of Burma, Mysore and of Sind the grain, year after year, headed out fat, heavy and well-favored. In the great San Joaquin Valley of California the ranches were one welter of fertility. All over the United States, from the Dakotas, from Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas and Illinois, from all the wheat belt came reports of good crops.

But at the same time the low price of grain kept the farmers poor. New mortgages were added to farms already heavily "papered"; even the crops were mortgaged in advance. No new farm implements were bought. Throughout the farming communities of the "Middle West" there were no longer purchases of buggies and parlor organs. Somewhere, in other remoter corners of the world, the cheap wheat, that meant cheap bread, made living easy and induced prosperity, but in the United States the poverty of the farmer worked upward through the cogs and wheels of the whole great machine of business. It was as though a lubricant had dried up. The cogs and wheels worked slowly and with dislocations. Things were a little out of joint. Wall Street stocks were down. In a word, "times were bad." Thus for three years it became a proverb on the Chicago Board of Trade that the quickest way to make money was to sell wheat short. One could with almost absolute certainty be sure of buying cheaper than one had sold. And that peculiar, indefinite thing known—among the most unsentimental men in the world—as "sentiment" prevailed more and more strongly in favor of low prices. "The 'sentiment,'" said the market reports, "was bearish"; and the traders, speculators, eighth-chasers, scalpers, brokers, bucket-house men and the like—all the world of La Salle Street—had become so accustomed to these "Bear conditions," that it was hard to believe that they would not continue indefinitely.

Jadwin, inevitably, had been again drawn into the troubled waters of the Pit. Always, as from the very first, a Bear, he had once more raided the market, and had once more been successful. Two months after this raid he and Gretry planned still another coup, a deal of greater magnitude than any they had previously hazarded. Laura, who knew very little of her husband's affairs—to which he seldom alluded—saw by the daily papers that at one stage of the affair the "deal" trembled to its base.

But Jadwin was by now "blooded to the game." He no longer needed Gretry's urging to spur him. He had developed into a strategist, bold, of inconceivable effrontery, delighting in the shock of battle, never more jovial, more daring than when under stress of the most merciless attack. On this occasion, when the "other side" resorted to the usual tactics to drive him from the Pit, he led on his enemies to make one single false step. Instantly—disregarding Gretry's entreaties as to caution—Jadwin had brought the vast bulk of his entire fortune to bear, in the manner of a general concentrating his heavy artillery, and crushed the opposition with appalling swiftness. He issued from the grapple triumphantly, and it was not till long afterward that Laura knew how near, for a few hours, he had been to defeat.

And again the price of wheat declined. In the first week in April, at the end of the third winter of Jadwin's married life, May wheat was selling on the floor of the Chicago Board of Trade at .64, the July option at .65, the September at .66½. During February of the same year Jadwin had sold short five hundred thousand bushels of May. He believed with Gretry and with the majority of the professional traders that the price would go to .60.

March passed without any further decline. All through this month and through the first days of April Jadwin was unusually thoughtful. His short wheat gave him no concern. He was now so rich that a mere half-million bushels was not a matter for anxiety. It was the "situation" that arrested his attention.

In some indefinable way, warned by that blessed sixth sense that had made him the successful speculator he was, he felt that somewhere, at some time during the course of the winter, a change had quietly, gradually come about; that it was even then operating. The conditions that had prevailed so consistently for three years, were they now to be shifted a little? He did not know, he could not say. But in the plexus of financial affairs in which he moved and lived he felt—a difference.

For one thing "times" were better, business was better. He could not fail to see that trade was picking up. In dry goods, in hardware, in manufactures there seemed to be a different spirit, and he could imagine that it was a spirit of optimism. There, in that great city where the Heart of the Nation beat, where the diseases of the times or the times' healthful activities were instantly reflected, Jadwin sensed a more rapid, an easier, more untroubled run of life-blood.

Author of The Octopus

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All through the Body of Things, money, the vital fluid, seemed to be flowing easier. People seemed richer, the banks were lending more, securities seemed stable, solid. In New York stocks were booming. Men were making money—were making it, spending it, lending it, exchanging it. Instead of being congested in vaults, safes and cash-boxes, tight, hard, congealed, it was loosening, and, as it were, liquefying, so that it spread and spread and permeated the entire community. The people had money. They were willing to take chances.

So much for the financial conditions.

The spring had been backward, cold, bitter, inhospitable, and Jadwin began to suspect that the wheat crop of his native country, that for so long had been generous and of excellent quality, was now to prove—it seemed quite possible—scant and of poor condition. He began to watch the weather, and to keep an eye upon the reports from the little county-seats and the "centres" in the winter-wheat States. These, in part, seemed to confirm his suspicions.

From Keokuk, in Iowa, came the news that winter wheat was suffering from want of moisture. Benedict, Yates' Centre and Douglass, in Southeastern Kansas, sent in reports of dry, windy weather that was killing the young grain in every direction, and the same conditions seemed to prevail in the central counties. In Illinois, from Quincy and Waterloo in the West, and from Ridgway in the South, reports came steadily to hand of freezing weather and bitter winds. All through the lower portions of the State the snowfall during the winter had not been heavy enough to protect the seeded grain. But the Ohio crop, it would appear, was promising enough, as was also that of Missouri. In Indiana, however, Jadwin could guess that the hopes of even a moderate yield were fated to be disappointed; persistent cold weather, winter continuing almost up to the first of April, seemed definitely to have settled the question. But more especially Jadwin watched Nebraska, that State which is one single vast wheat-field. How would Nebraska do—Nebraska which alone might feed an entire nation? County-seat after county-seat began to send in its reports. All over the State the grip of winter held firm even yet. The wheat had been battered by incessant gales, had been nipped and harried by frost; everywhere the young half-grown grain seemed to be perishing. It was a massacre, a veritable slaughter.

But for all this nothing could be decided as yet. Other winter-wheat States, from which returns were as yet only partial, might easily compensate for the failures elsewhere; and, besides all that, the Bears of the Board of Trade might keep the price inert even in face of the news of short yields. As a matter of fact, the more important, the stronger Bear traders were already piping their usual strain. Prices were bound to decline, the three years' sagging was not over yet. They, the Bears, were too strong; no Bull news could frighten them. Somehow there was bound to be plenty of wheat. In the face of rumors of a short crop they kept the price inert, weak.

On the tenth of April came the Government report on the condition of winter wheat. It announced an average far below any known for ten years past. On March 10 the same bulletin had shown a moderate supply in farmers' hands—less than one hundred million bushels, in fact—and a visible supply of less than forty millions.

The Bear leaders promptly set to work to discount this news. They showed how certain foreign conditions would more than offset the effect of a poor American harvest. They pointed out the fact that the Government report on condition was brought up only to the first of April, and that since that time the weather in the wheat belt had been favorable beyond the wildest hopes.

The April report was made public on the afternoon of the tenth of the month. That same evening Jadwin invited Gretry and his wife to dine at the new house on North Avenue; and after dinner, leaving Mrs. Gretry and Laura in the drawing-room, he took the broker up to the billiard-room for a game of pool.

But when Gretry had put the balls in the triangle the two men did not begin to play at once. Jadwin had asked the question that had been uppermost in the minds of each during dinner.

"Well, Sam," he had said, by way of a beginning, "what do you think of this Government report?"

The broker chalked his cue placidly.

"I expect there'll be a bit of reaction on the strength of it, but the market will go off again. I said wheat would go to .60, and I still say it. It's a long time between now and May."

"I wasn't thinking of crop conditions only," observed Jadwin. "Sam, we're going to have better times and higher prices this summer."

Gretry shook his head and entered into a long argument to show that Jadwin was wrong.

But Jadwin refused to be convinced. All at once he laid the flat of his hand upon the table.

"Sam, we've touched bottom," he declared, "touched bottom all along the line. It's a paper dime to the Sub-Treasury."

"I don't care about the rest of the line," said the broker doggedly, sitting on the edge of the table; "wheat will go to .60." He indicated the nest of balls with a movement of his chin. "Will you break?"

Jadwin broke and scored, leaving one ball three inches in front of a corner pocket. He called the shot, and as he drew back his cue he said deliberately:

"Just as sure as I make this pocket wheat will—not go—off—another—cent." With the last word he drove the ball home and straightened up.

Gretry laid down his cue and looked at him quickly. But he did not speak. Jadwin sat down on one of the straight-backed chairs upon the raised platform against the wall and rested his elbows upon his knees.

"Sam," he said, "the time is come for a great big change." He emphasized the word with a tap of his cue upon the floor. "We can't play our game the way we've been playing it the last three years. We've been hammering wheat down and down and down, till we've got it below the cost of production; and now she won't go any further with all the hammering in the world. The other fellows, the rest of this Bear crowd, don't seem to see it, but I see it. Before fall we're going to have higher prices. Wheat is going up, and when it does I mean to be right there."

"We're going to have a dull market right up to the beginning of winter," persisted the other.

"Come and say that to me at the beginning of winter, then," Jadwin retorted. "Look here, Sam, I'm short of May five hundred thousand bushels, and to-morrow morning you are going to send your boys on the floor for me and close that trade."

"You're crazy, J.," protested the broker. "Hold on another month, and I promise you you'll thank me."

"Not another day, not another hour. This Bear campaign of ours has come to an end. That's said and signed."

"Why, it's just in its prime," protested the broker. "Great Heavens, you mustn't get out of the game now, after hanging on for three years."

"I'm not going to get out of it."

"Why, good Lord!" said Gretry, "you don't mean to say that——"

"That I'm going over. That's exactly what I do mean. I'm going to change over so quick to the other side that I'll be there before you take off your hat. I'm done with a Bear game. It was good while it lasted, but we've worked it for all there was in it. I'm not only going to cover my May shorts and get out of that trade, but"—Jadwin leaned forward and struck his hand upon his knee—"but I'm going to buy. I'm going to buy September wheat, and I'm going to buy it to-morrow, five hundred thousand bushels of it, and if the market goes as I think it will later, I'm going to buy more. I'm no Bear any longer. I'm going to boost this market right through till the last bell rings; and from now on Curtis Jadwin spells B-u-double l—Bull."

"They'll slaughter you," said Gretry; "slaughter you in cold blood. You're just one man against a gang—a gang of cutthroats. Those Bears have got millions and millions back of them. You don't suppose, do you, that old man Crookes, or Kenniston, or little Sweeny, or all that lot would give you one little bit of a chance for your life if they got a grip on you? Cover your shorts if you want to, but don't begin to buy in the same breath. You wait a while. If this market has touched bottom we'll be able to tell in a few days. I'll admit, for the sake of argument, that just now there's a pause. But nobody can tell yet whether it will turn up or down. Now's the time to be conservative, to play it cautious."

"If I was conservative and cautious," answered Jadwin, "I wouldn't be in this game at all. I'd be buying United States four per cents. That's the big mistake so many of these fellows down here make. They go into a game where the only ones who can possibly win are the ones who take big chances, and then they try to play the thing cautiously. If I wait a while till the market turns up and everybody is buying, how am I any the better off? No, sir! you buy the September option for me to-morrow—five hundred thousand bushels. I deposited the margin to your credit in the Illinois Trust this afternoon."

There was a long silence. Gretry spun a ball between his fingers, top-fashion.

"Well," he said at last, hesitatingly—"Well, I don't know, J.—you are either Napoleonic—or—or a colossal idiot."

"Neither one nor the other, Samuel. I'm just using a little common-sense. . . . Is it your shot?"

"I'm blessed if I know."

"Well, we'll start a new game. Sam, I'll give you six balls and beat you in"—he looked at his watch—"beat you before half-past nine."

"For a dollar?"

"I never bet, Sam, and you know it."

Half an hour later Jadwin said:

"Shall we go down and join the ladies? Don't put out your cigar. That's one bargain I made with Laura before we moved in here—that smoking was allowable everywhere."

"Room enough, I guess," observed the broker, as the two stepped into the elevator. "How many rooms have you got here, by the way?"

"Upon my word, I don't know," answered Jadwin. "I discovered a new one yesterday. Fact. I was having a look around, and I came out into a little kind of smoking-room or other that, I swear, I'd never seen before. I had to get Laura to tell me about it."

—STANDING BETWEEN THE OPENED CURTAINS AT THE ENTRANCE

The elevator sank to the lower stories, and Jadwin and the broker stepped out into the main hallway. From the drawing-room near by came the sound of women's voices.

"Before we go in," said Jadwin, "I want you to see our art gallery and the organ. Last time you were up, remember, the men were still at work in here."

They passed down a broad corridor, and at the end, just before parting the heavy, sombre curtains, Jadwin pressed a couple of electric buttons, and in the open space above the curtain sprang up a lambent, steady glow.

The broker, as he entered, gave a long whistle. The art gallery took in the height of two of the stories of the house. It was shaped like a rotunda, and topped with a vast airy dome of colored glass. Here and there about the room were glass cabinets full of bibelots, ivory statuettes, old snuff-boxes, fans of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The walls themselves were covered with a multitude of pictures, oils, water-colors, with one or two pastels.

But to the left of the entrance, let into the frame of the building, stood a great organ, large enough for a cathedral, and giving to view, in the dulled incandescence of the electrics, its sheaves of mighty pipes.

"Well, this is something like," exclaimed the broker. "This certainly is the real thing, J. I suppose, now, it all represents a pretty big pot of money?"

"I'm not quite used to it yet, myself," said Jadwin. "I was in here last Sunday, thinking it all over, the new house, and the money and all. And it struck me as kind of queer the way things have turned out for me. . . . Sam, do you know, I can remember the time, up there in Ottawa County, Michigan, on my old dad's farm, when I used to have to get up before daybreak to tend the stock, and my sister and I used to run out quick into the stable and stand in the warm cow fodder in the stalls to warm our bare feet. . . . She up and died when she was about eighteen—galloping consumption. Yes, sir. By George, how I loved that little sister of mine. You remember her, Sam. Remember how you used to come out from Grand Rapids every now and then to go squirrel-shooting with me?"

"Sure, sure. Oh, I haven't forgot."

"Well, I was wishing the other day that I could bring Sadie down here, and—oh, I don't know—give her a good time. She never had a good time when she was alive. Work, work, work; morning, noon and night. I'd like to have made it up to her. I believe in making people happy, Sam. That's the way I take my fun. But it's too late to do it now for my little sister."

"Well," hazarded Gretry, "you've got a good wife in yonder to——"

Jadwin interrupted him. He half turned away, thrusting his hands suddenly into his pockets. Partly to himself, partly to his friend he murmured:

"You bet I have, you bet I have. Sam——" he exclaimed, then turned away again. ". . . Oh, well, never mind," he murmured. Gretry, embarrassed, constrained, put his chin in the air, shutting his eyes in a knowing fashion.

"I understand," he answered. "I understand, J."

"Say, look at this organ," said Jadwin briskly. "Here's the thing I like." They crossed to the other side of the room.

"Oh, you've got one of those attachment things," observed the broker.

"Listen now," said Jadwin. He took a perforated roll from the case near at hand and adjusted it, Gretry looking on with the solemn interest that all American business men have in mechanical inventions. Jadwin sat down to the consol, pulled out a stop or two, and placed his feet on the pedals. A vast preliminary roaring breath like the "rushing mighty wind" of the Pentecost soughed through the pipes with a vibratory sense of power. Then there came a canorous snarl of bass, and then, abruptly, with resistless charm, and with full-bodied, satisfying amplitude of volume, the opening movement of the overture of Carmen.

"Great, great!" shouted Gretry, his voice raised to make himself heard. "That's immense."

The great-lunged harmony was filling the entire gallery, clear-cut, each note clearly, sharply treated with a precision that, if mechanical, was yet effective. Jadwin, his eyes now on the stops, now on the sliding strip of paper, played on. Through the sonorous clamor of the pipes Gretry could hear him speaking, but he caught only a word or two.

(Continued on Page 34)

The New-School Lawyer

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

MOST good lawyers," said Daniel Webster, "live well, work hard and die poor."

Making the proper and necessary allowance for the fluctuating, highly relative meaning of the word "poor," that is an accurate description of the successful lawyer not only before and during but also since Webster's time, up to the last few years—less than twenty, perhaps less than fifteen. It pictures a profession whose rewards, like those of the doctor and the preacher and the public man, were in honors rather than in dollars; a profession noted for its indifference to and ignorance of commercial business; a profession that regarded a position upon the bench as the goal of ambition, the title of judge as the symbol and crown of an honorable and honored career.

It still describes many successful lawyers—men like James C. Carter and Senator Spooner. They devote themselves as lawyers to the law alone, and so are, in comparison with the men of less brain-power who have devoted their energies to trade and commerce, as poor as was Daniel Webster in comparison with the great merchants of his time. But in its essential clause the Websterian description does not fit the typical successful lawyer of to-day, does not even suggest the life to which the law student of our time looks forward when he thinks on his profession and his future.

The "good" lawyer no longer lives "well" in the Webster sense—he lives luxuriously. His house, his establishment will be as fine as that of the "good" financier or merchant of the same city or town. He no longer works hard in the Webster sense—that is, in the sense of aloof and scholarly toil. He sweats and struggles in the market-place. He no longer dies "poor." On the contrary, his estate is one of the great estates and he ranks among the millionaires. Nor is his goal the bench—the "good" lawyer of the rising generation looks more and more superciliously at its tranquillity, its small pay, its remoteness from the fields of gain which beckon to none an eagerer invitation than to the members of the legal profession.

A Law Office that Looks Like a Bank

On the third floor of one of the big skyscrapers of lower Manhattan Island, in a corner, there is a modest suite of three offices tenanted by a lawyer whose name is spoken with respect by the lawyers of the whole country. He finds those three rooms ample for his small practice. His income is perhaps thirty thousand a year, and by prudence and economy, practiced for forty years, he has put by a fortune of less than three hundred thousand dollars. He is a lawyer of the old school.

The rest of that large floor—except a very small part—is occupied by, let us say, Brown, Jones & Smith, Attorneys and Counselors. Theirs is not quite the largest nor the most successful of the large and very successful firms in New York, but it is typical. If Daniel Webster could be brought to life and conducted about lower Manhattan Island it is safe to say that the street sights, all of them unfamiliar, many of them startling, would seem commonplace to him in comparison with what he would see as he entered the "law offices" of Brown, Jones & Smith.

He would find himself in a wide transverse passageway, the opposite and end walls a beautiful mahogany and glass partition pierced by several doors and windows. He would see in large gold letters over these windows such inscriptions as "Cashier," "Paying Teller," "Receiving Teller," "Bookkeeper."

"Why!" he would exclaim, "I thought this was a law office."

"So it is—one of the best-known in New York City."

"It is not a law office. It is a bank," he would reply. "I know a hawk from a handsaw, no matter which way the wind is."

Then he would advance to the window marked "Inquiries." A glance through its gilt frame and he would see dozens of clerks at work—hanging over big ledgers, dictating to typewriters, toiling at columns of figures, counting money. He would note the black doors of a large steel vault, the treasury of a great business. "As I thought," he would say. "This is not a law office; it is a counting-house."

"It is both," would be the answer. "Brown, Jones & Smith are lawyers. And, being successful lawyers of the new kind, they must have a counting-house. How else could they keep their accounts with their hundred clients? How else handle five or six millions in cash and cash items? How would they attend to their industrial flotations and reorganizations which last year mounted up very close to half a thousand millions?"

Brown, Jones & Smith—to use this firm as typical of the great commerial law firms of our big cities to-day—is the name that covers a partnership of eight lawyers. Under them, assisting them at salaries ranging from twelve hundred to ten thousand a year, are about fifty young lawyers and law clerks. This firm is ready to take any kind of a case that is offered them except divorce cases and the defense of "vulgar" criminals caught in "vulgar" crimes. If any of their regular clients by chance get into that sort of trouble, and publicity cannot possibly be avoided by compromise or counter-threat or complete restitution, they "sub-let" the case, as it were. Their great departments are corporations, real estate and commercial paper. Each of the eight partners has his specialty and spends all his time upon it. He reads every new law, every new case falling within that specialty—and he gives no attention to the developments of law in any other department. The law has grown too vast and too complex for any one thoroughly to survey the whole field.

An Aggregation of Specialists

You wish to organize a corporation or combination of corporations—you will be conducted to Mr. Brown's office; he attends to those matters. Your law business has to do with real estate—that is Mr. Jones' department. You are in doubt or trouble about commercial paper—your card will be taken to Mr. Smith. The five other partners and the three assistants at large salaries are apportioned among Brown, Jones & Smith according to the character of their knowledge of the law. For example, Mr. Robinson's specialty is real-estate titles; Mr. Thompson knows all there is to be known about contracts; Mr. Johnson is intimately acquainted with the law of domestic corporations; Mr. Brown is the expert on the corporation laws of New Jersey, where all the great "combines" elect to be born; Mr. Jackson shines in accident cases; Mr. Hawkins is effective as a jury lawyer in any sort of case which his associates may prepare and present to him; Mr. Levey could not move a jury, but he is admirable in appealing to judges—he has developed to its highest efficiency law as defined by Aaron Burr: "Law is whatever is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained."

All you have to do is to put your case into the right slot in the great machine—with the proper retainer, followed at intervals by suitable "refreshers." The machine will work, and in due time it will complete your cause and throw it out, accompanied by a bill that will fill you with an overwhelming sense of the majesty of the law. It is assumed that you have plenty of money and are willing to spend it freely upon your case; otherwise, you should not have entered the mahogany precincts of Brown, Jones & Smith.

But in a firm of this size the individual is necessarily cramped, and there are many irritations as to salaries and distributions of profits. Therefore, not only are there frequent minor changes but also the principals themselves often withdraw, each to set up his own machine for the making of a fortune at his own specialty. To illustrate this conveniently, let us suppose that Brown, Jones & Smith are about to undergo many radical changes.

Mr. Brown will remain, taking several of the minor assistants into partnership and bringing in two or three moderately successful lawyers from the outside—his friend, Judge Williams, is retiring from the bench to accept a partnership with him at a guarantee of not less than $25,000 a year. The firm will gradually drop its smaller clients and will devote its main energies to corporation law—to the organization and defense of a few large corporations. For example, the firm has a regular retainer of $35,000 a year from the National Iron and Steel Company—Mr. Brown's fee—that is, the firm's fee—for assisting at the organization of it was 12,000 shares of the common stock, which, when the syndicate had inflated it by declaring a deceptively large dividend, he sold at 53—$636,000.

Mr. Smith is leaving to become the head of the law department, and one of the executive committee of the board of managers, of a fifteen-million-dollar real-estate corporation. Mr. Smith confidently, and reasonably, expects that, through the success of several suburban land schemes and transactions in the building and sale of skyscraper apartments and offices, he will become a millionaire several times over within a few years.

Mr. Williamson proposes to withdraw and, with the aid of a partner, to devote himself to patent and domestic corporation law. He is organizing a company to exploit a fertilizer invented by a professor of chemistry at one of the big universities. He, too, is dreaming of sudden wealth.

Mr. Johnson goes as special partner to a large banking and financial house. All the great financial houses are now taking in lawyers as special partners. They have found it advisable to have a legally trained brain to pass upon all projects in the earliest, tentative stages. Much time and money can be saved in this way.

Mr. Jackson has been offered $25,000 a year to take full charge of the damages department of a street railway corporation. He will have under him a force of more than fifty office and trial lawyers, detectives, procurers of testimony, persuaders to compromise, etc., etc. Mr. Roberts, who has the desk next to Mr. Jackson's, leaves to go to the same corporation in an even stranger capacity.

He will have two functions: First—to read all measures of every kind whatsoever introduced into either house of the Legislature or into the Board of Aldermen; he must carefully note any that in any way affect, or threaten to affect, or could be twisted to affect, directly or indirectly, favorably or unfavorably, the manifold interests of his corporation. Second—to devise measures which the corporation may wish to put through the Legislature or the Board of Aldermen. Sometimes these measures will be frank and open. Again, they will seem to be frank and open, but must shrewdly conceal a "joker," which grants the corporation that which the people do not wish it to have. Again, the "joker" must be slipped by him in an innocent fashion into some bill on an entirely different subject—it will be a trivial, obscure phrase, or change in an existing phrase, a "not" stricken out here or inserted there, a comma shifted, a "but" amended into an "and."

The Parasites and Their Methods

Mr. Jones is not leaving voluntarily. It has been discovered—not by his partners, who have long suspected it, but by the general public—that he was a silent partner in a firm of "parasites." That firm was engaged in what it called "protecting minority interests," what the corporate majorities called variously "blackmailing," "black-jacking" and "blood-sucking." This industry is based upon buying, or obtaining control of, a few bonds or shares of stock of a great corporation. The majority, or the controllers, of the corporation resolved upon a certain course of action. In the interest of its client—who may or may not be a clerk in its office—this firm of "parasites" brings or threatens to bring harassing suits, opposes the new policy with every obstacle which their ingenuity can invent. When the majority, eager to dispatch the business or alarmed by the threat of publicity, asks the "gadfly" to put a price upon its interest, the "gadfly" replies: "It is true, our client's shares are worth only $10,000 in the open market. But we have been at great trouble and expense, and, besides, your proposed course is wicked and scandalous. However, we will sell to you at a figure that will just about reimburse us—say, a quarter of a million dollars." And, if the majority or controlling interest has not the time nor the courage to fight, it pays.

Mr. Jones was making large sums out of his silent partnership in this industry. His "exposure," as his enemies call it, his "persecution," as his friends describe it, has put him temporarily under a cloud. It will be at least six months, perhaps a year, before New York forgets about it and restores him to good standing.

In this hypothetical case of Brown, Jones & Smith are fairly presented some of the main features of the revolution in the practice of the law brought about by the suddenly developed vastness and complexity of our trade, commerce

and finance. The rise of the combination and the corporation has injected the commercial feature into almost every kind of activity, even of professional, even of purely philanthropic, activity. It has transformed the law from a profession into a business. It has shifted the main ambition of the lawyer from public and private honors to the acquisition of wealth. A Congressman from New York City well described the situation when he said to the writer:

"A few years ago the business man occasionally called in the lawyer. A little later the business man permanently retained the lawyer as his constant counselor. To-day the great business man does not move until his lawyer has given him permission, and then he moves only so far as, and in what direction, his lawyer permits. To-morrow—will not the lawyer be the whole executive of the business world, with the business man his servant and content with the minor share of the profits?"

The chief reason for this startling exaltation of the commercial instinct in the legal profession is peculiar to our country—the legal tangle resulting from our having a national sovereignty, constitution, administration, legislature, system of courts and statutes, and in addition forty-five *sovereign* States, each with its own peculiar constitution and laws, legislature and courts. All business to-day is or is rapidly becoming inter-State business. That means ever-increasing intricacies of conflicting courts, laws, legislatures, sovereignties, which must be threaded if business is to prosper, which must be taken advantage of if businesses hostile to public sentiment and public policy are to be protected from suppression or crippling.

This means work for the lawyers, power for the lawyers, money for the lawyers. Our industrial society is reorganizing into a conglomerate of law-made persons. The lawyers are the natural directors and controllers of the reorganization. Naturally, theirs is the reward.

There is high work for the lawyers here—work that worthily engages the most acute and conscientious and public-spirited minds. There is also, unfortunately, low work here—work for the unscrupulous, the greedy, the conspirator and corruptionist, work for brains that bend their powers—too often great powers—to energies suggestive of the mole, the snake, the weasel and the rat. There is, deplorably, doubtful work that permits of all manner of quibblings with conscience, juggling with private and public morality, work that enables high lawyer and low to engage side by side for a common cause, whose aims span the entire moral scale from the loftiest public service to the basest public and private corruption.

To-day the great lawyers of the country are, with practically no exceptions, in the pay of one or more of these corporate persons, the large, the colossal and the titanic. And there are fewer and fewer small lawyers of ability or influence who do not draw a large part of their incomes from the same sources. The ambition of the big lawyer is to control a corporation or corporations; the ambition of the small lawyer is to serve a corporation. Skill in serving private persons, distinguished public service, are alike stepping-stones to the favor of the giants, the appreciative, talent-seeking giants.

In the present Congress there are in the Senate 51 lawyers out of 90 members, with bankers 5 and capitalists 4 as the next highest occupations; and in the House, 240 lawyers out of 357 members, with bankers 16, farmers 15 and manufacturers 17 as the next highest occupations. Of the 445 members of the national law-making body 291 are lawyers, and there are only 154 who are not lawyers. And the two most potent members of the Cabinet, Mr. Root and Mr. Knox, are in the first rank of the corporation lawyers of the country.

The same state of affairs exists in respect of the State legislatures. If this is a government of law, it is also a government of lawyers.

The majority of these law-making lawyers either are now upon the pay-rolls of corporations, or were until they took office, and will be again when they leave it. And the majority of the remainder hope to be lawyers to corporations and, like their more successful fellows, look at rights and at justice from the standpoint of the big corporate fellow-citizens of the plain little unincorporated American. Our legal brains think more and more in terms of corporations, less and less in terms of individuals.

The lawyers come from the service and the lucrative pay of these big fellow-citizens of ours to make our and their laws or to judge us and them from the bench. And when they leave our service it will be to return to their service. Is it in human nature to achieve impartiality during a brief interval in a lifetime spent in earning one's bread and butter, and cake, at a partial point of view? It may be so. But the stake—the freedom and equality of the individual—seems rather heavy to wager upon such a maybe.

The difference between Daniel Webster's "good lawyer" and the Twentieth Century's "good lawyer" is as important as it is wide.

Editor's Note—This article is supplementary to a paper on The Passing of the Old-School Lawyer, by W. J. Calhoun, which appeared last week.

THE BEAUTY-WOMAN

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—Madame Mortimer's descent upon the town of Cardover in the middle of Lent, when nothing was happening and everybody was talking, could not have been better timed. Her quiet, reserved demeanor and her marked preference for seclusion only heightened the curiosity which her striking good looks provoked. Mrs. Bruce Percey first fathomed the mystery. Madame Mortimer, it appeared, was a Beauty-Woman—"one who coaxed beauty from the cryptic heart of Nature." She was in Cardover not for business, purely for rest, but Mrs. Percey had hopes that she might be persuaded to give occasional talks on "Nature: Her Own Rival." The success of the lecture course was prodigious. The parlor of the Melrose was crowded with subscribers; eggs, tomatoes and cucumbers, which it appeared were ingredients of the Mortimer formula, rose to a premium in the market; everything went swimmingly until Sam Dellwood discovered that his sister Sarah was devoting to lecture fees that share of the paternal allowance which he had hoped to spend on a hunt for natural history specimens. From that moment trouble loomed imminent on the horizon.

PART II—(CONCLUSION)

SAM'S astonishment on seeing his sister burst into inexplicable tears was a sensation that in many of Cardover's happiest families that spring became distressingly common. Extreme irritability accompanied by a tendency to weep assumed even among ladies ordinarily most phlegmatic the grave importance of an epidemic. At luncheon one day Mrs. Bennett—closing her eyes and pressing her temples with the palms of her hands—suddenly cried out to her youngest son: "Jerry, if you make that crunching sound with your toast an instant more I shall go mad." Whereupon Jerry, unable to dispose in its crisp entirety of what he had bitten off, crunched once more, and with a result not altogether unlike that which his mother had predicted. Miss Maisie Dillingham, who as a rule was an almost professional ray of sunshine, had on two occasions sharply contradicted some harmless though inaccurate statement of her aged parent and had then positively dissolved with remorse. Mrs. Bruce Percey (she, however, both went to the lectures and took private lessons) cried, it was said, most of the time. She was neither sullen nor violent; she merely wept for she knew not what. Her condition was just one of listless leakage.

The Dellwoods were worried about Sarah. She was pale; her mouth had a drawn, tremulous expression; she was extremely nervous. Her prolonged silences as well as her petulant remarks at dinner cast a gloom over that usually vivacious meal, and the rest of the family agreed in secret that she was ill. It was chiefly for this reason that Mr. Dellwood gave his consent to Sam's joining Professor Schmelzer's expedition. Sarah all at once seemed determined that her brother should go, and begged her father to let him, with so wan a face that Mr. Dellwood felt it would be ungracious to refuse. Sam at first was jubilant and determined to study his Hand Buch more diligently, if possible, than before. But when his sister solemnly reminded him, with a feverish light in her eyes, that the price of her support was his absolute silence on the subject of Madame Mortimer, he began to have certain misgivings.

Editor's Note—The first installment of this two-part story appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of last week.

He did not, after his first exultation, altogether approve of his position in the matter, and as the days went by his feelings toward the expedition became uncomfortably mixed. For Sam, without being able to tell himself why, at first suspected, and then firmly believed, that Madame Mortimer and her expensive nonsense were responsible for Sarah's extraordinary condition; and as he apparently was the only member of the family that had arrived at this conclusion he could not after a time justify—as he expressed it—muzzling himself. To his preoccupied father, Madame Mortimer was merely a name; to his mother, he realized she was probably a fashionable diversion that in her opinion Sarah might—as well as not—enjoy with the other girls of her set. By Sarah's own confession, her mother was ignorant of the woman's methods; and these Sam knew to be at least silly. He suspected them at most of being harmful.

The day after the lecture on "Limb Culture: the Only Grace," suspicion became conviction. For early that morning Sam, while dressing, heard a heartrending thud in his sister's room and reached her door just as the key turned sharply in the lock.

"It's nothing at all," Sarah exclaimed in a voice that Sam scarcely recognized. "I slipped and hurt my arm a little. There was a great noise but very little pain," she declared, with a sound that might have been a laugh but for its somewhat gruesome absence of mirth. Sarah was in the habit of breakfasting alone in her sitting-room, but when she finally emerged Sam saw that she held her left arm stiffly and that her wrist was swollen. Immediately after luncheon, where—Sam noticed—his sister ate nothing but three sliced tomatoes, she disappeared, to return later in the day with her arm neatly bandaged and folded across her breast in a black silk sling. She spoke of her accident evasively—treated it with a lightness that, to her brother at least, was anything but light.

This, too, was the manner in which Miss Maisie Dillingham received the sympathetic inquiries of acquaintances who on the same afternoon met her limping heavily through the corridors of the Melrose with the aid of her father's gold-headed presentation cane. Mrs. Bennett, on the other hand, received no inquiries at all; a strip of court-plaster across her cheek so accentuated an unaccustomed grimness of expression that no one quite ventured to condole. Just how Mrs. Bruce Percey conducted herself in the throes of "Limb Culture" it was impossible to determine; she had withdrawn from public view—held together somewhere, it was whispered, by a clever arrangement of splints and plaster of Paris. To Sam it was all very incomprehensible and annoying.

Still more incomprehensible to him was his interview on the subject with Sarah. For some time he had been speculating as to how he could least disastrously have one. The girl, he felt sure, was almost ill; he knew that her arm hurt her constantly. And yet, were he to suggest these facts, he suspected that she would with considerable spirit deny them. There would be that obnoxious quarter of an hour known as a "scene," and he would retreat before his sister's unanswerable assertion that she was the best judge of how she felt—having accomplished nothing. It was while tormented by the lack of an obvious excuse for introducing the delicate subject that Sam almost rejoiced one Sunday morning on learning from his mother at breakfast that Sarah felt badly—that her arm had "begun" to pain her, and that she had decided not to get up. It seemed to him that the moment for breaking his contract had come; so as soon as he had finished his breakfast he went into his sister's room.

—SHE HAD A CORNER IN EGGS AND CUCUMBERS

Sam was scarcely a diplomat, and after Sarah had murmured with a suffering smile that she might just as well be up and about, but that she was rather lazily giving her arm a rest, he took her uninjured hand in his and abruptly blurted out the motive of his intrusion.

"You're hurting yourself, Sally," he declared; "perhaps seriously. I don't know what that Mortimer woman inveigles you all into doing, but whatever it is—it has made you as nervous as a cat, and sprained your wrist—and it's just ruining your complexion. Yes, it is; I mean every word I say." Even if you haven't any regard for your health, I should think that—well, that vanity would keep you from deliberately letting your skin get to look like an old saddle-flap.

Now I can't stand by and see it go on any longer. If you haven't enough sense to drop all this driveling tomfoolery, I know some one who has enough to make you "

For a moment there was silence, while Sarah, with a kind of desperate calmness, drew her hand away from her brother's and smoothed the bedspread

"I expected this," she replied at last

"Expected what?" Sam demanded. "That you would be laid up with a bum arm and a spell of illness maybe—or merely that I should call your attention to the fact? I've put it off too long as it is," he added

"I don't feel quite as energetic, perhaps, as I usually do," Sarah admitted. "But I knew I shouldn't; it's only temporary, Madame Mortimer told us—oh, you wouldn't understand," she broke off wearily.

"If your notebook was a sample of Madame Mortimer's remarks, I think I could make a bluff at comprehension," Sam laughed

"She said we shouldn't feel quite as well just at first," Sarah continued earnestly. "She told us that at the free lecture, so that nobody need buy course tickets who didn't want to—and then blame her. She warned us that there would be a time when we shouldn't feel as well or look as well, but that it would quickly pass. It's the return to Nature after living so long on unscientific principles that comes a little hard. The results of all she's doing for us don't show in a day

"They show pretty plainly in you," grumbled Sam.

"But if I keep it up until I've—until I've——"

"Until you've returned to Nature by way of the family lot in Oakview," put in the young man.

"Until I've returned to Nature—be as cheap as you please; that's precisely what it is," Sarah snapped. "If I keep it up, it can't help succeeding."

"But there was nothing the matter with you," her brother thundered. "There never has been."

"I don't propose to drift into an ungraceful old age," Sarah exclaimed haughtily. Sarah was just twenty-three.

"You'd rather drift into a brass bedstead and then into a coffin," Sam replied, "but I don't propose that you shall."

"You never will listen to a sensible argument. It's no use," Sarah complained.

"To my mind the most convincing argument is that you're in bed and look perfectly wretched," Sam answered. At this his sister, as if to end the conversation, leaned back on her pillow and opened a book.

"I merely thought it would be better to let you know that I am going to get father to put an end to these goings-on," Sam announced

"The lecture on 'Personal Magnetism; How Attained,' comes off on Monday. It's the last of the course," Sarah replied with apparent indifference.

"It isn't the lectures; you're not likely to be injured by listening to the woman's trashy lectures. It's the things she makes you do between—whatever they are—that have got to be abolished. Why, the Melrose is a hospital—you meet silly old mothers of grown-up children hobbling about all patched together as if they'd been in a cyclone. As long as such things happen in other families they're merely ludicrous, but when they happen in your own—they're inexcusable. That's all I have to say." Sam got up and walked to the door.

"I thought your reading my notebook was questionable, but I didn't suppose you would descend to breaking your word, merely because you no longer had anything to gain by keeping it," his sister called after him

He checked his angry impulse to return and defend himself. If Sarah chose to look at his actions in that light, there was nothing, after all, that he could say. He had promised to keep her secret if she would persuade his father to let him join the expedition. Eventually Mr. Dellwood might have given his consent of his own accord. But it was without doubt Sarah's influence that had caused him to give it so soon. Sam saw that his sister was entitled to her last remark, but it angered him, as he left the Melrose and strode rapidly up the avenue, to think she cared to make it

"She must know that the only reason I have for interfering is that she looks so badly and that I am worried about her And yet she assumes—or pretends to assume—that I'm attacking her—deliberately—unreasonably, just for the pleasure of doing it."

Ordinarily the two were the best of friends It irritated Sam extremely to have so trivial—so inane an incident as Madame Mortimer and her claptrap come between them. A handsome woman babbling nonsense—he mused with youthful cynicism; what a combination it had always been!

Then suddenly it occurred to him that he could with all honor have taken the wind out of Sarah's sails and regained his liberty of speech by giving up the expedition—by scorning to consider it. In his haste and irritation he had not thought of this For a moment it seemed to Sam a delightfully dramatic solution of his problem; but the moment passed and he realized that the brief triumph over Sarah would be followed by a whole summer at the Melrose Sam felt like an imprisoned bee in the Melrose. He hated the place—from

SHE SPOKE OF HER ACCIDENT EVASIVELY

its mushy, noiseless red carpets to the elevator that in its downward plunge always made him feel, he said, as if he had left his intestines on the seventh floor. The opportunity of getting away from it was not to be impulsively renounced.

Yet before he had walked very far Sam made up his mind to renounce it. He took no pleasure in the prospect; the angry thrill with which he had first hit upon the idea was no longer there, for he had fully considered what the step would involve. But he felt it was the only thing for him to do, and when he arrived at this conclusion he turned sharply and hurried back to the Melrose.

II

ON WEEKDAYS Mr. Dellwood found time only to glance at the headlines of the morning paper and to "skim" through the editorials. On Sunday morning, however, it was his delight to begin at column one and read almost without omission to the end of the last page. He groaned now and then in the midst of "Woman's Realm," the "Colored Supplement," "Lodge Notes," and a department devoted to extracts from the more commonplace American poets and labeled "Brilliants"; but he read them all. He not only read them—he had the incorrigible and afflicting habit of reading them aloud.

When he began, Sam and Sarah usually withdrew to less instructive localities, but Mrs. Dellwood, who after long years of practice had mastered the art of writing letters and making at the same time almost intelligent comments on her husband's reading, remained. When Mr. Dellwood, for instance, would come to "We have on hand a large assortment of slightly damaged fancy Egyptian vests and pants that must be sold in order to make room for our great importation of summer goods," and would insist on knowing the precise nature and purpose of a slightly damaged Egyptian pant—his wife was able to reply: "I don't know, dear; I don't think I've ever worn one," without even looking up.

As a rule, a remark of this kind quite satisfied him, but a more vitally interesting piece of news, and the desire to hear his own voice, were occasionally coincident. When this happened, he would, after reading a few lines, put down his paper and exclaim: "I don't think you're listening, I sha'n't read if you don't listen." Whereupon Mrs. Dellwood would lay aside her pen and answer: "Of course I'm listening; go on." This had taken place when, on the morning of Sam's little talk with Sarah, Mr. Dellwood began to read an article entitled.

"Cheer Up, Girls; You Ain't So Worse. Madame Mortimer Jollies a Press Reporter. Dimples *versus* Pimples."

As a rule, Mr. Dellwood's attitude toward the "beauty hints" of the Sunday paper was one of humorous tolerance. Precautions against double chins and superfluous eyebrows had little power to hold his serious attention. But this morning the interview with Madame Mortimer, possessing as it did a distinctly local—an almost personal—interest, not only held his attention, it incited his wrath. The article mentioned no names. It referred, however, to the Melrose and to Terrace Boulevard, and was airily written in the assumption that Cardover's entire female population spent most of its time in besieging Madame Mortimer's door.

"In the dim ages of the past," Madame Mortimer was quoted as saying, "Venus rose from the sea. There was only one of her, and she had things pretty much her own way. We do things on a larger scale now. To-day in your very midst there are at least a hundred incipient Venuses almost ready to burst upon your delighted eyes; women who under my directions are wooing Nature in her most gracious mood. How did I discover my method? Well, I'll tell you. I was always a lover of poetry, and one afternoon as I lay in my hammock, girlishly conning my Keats, I chanced upon those beautiful lines that tell us 'Truth is beauty—beauty is truth.' Now it had always been a pet fancy of mine to believe that Nature is Truth. And as I lay there in the magnolia-laden air it came over me as if in a dream that if Nature is Truth and Beauty is Truth, why—you see? Things equal to the same things are equal to—but you know the rest."

Here Mr. Dellwood broke off with an exclamation of disgust

Who is this Mortimer creature and who are the women who take lessons from her?" he demanded. "Do I know any of them? It says she gives lectures and things right here—in the Melrose. Does she?'

"Why, yes, dear—she does," Mrs Dellwood replied cautiously. "Mrs. Bruce Percey took her up; a good many people we know have joined her classes

At this her husband energetically delivered himself of some characteristic opinions on Cardover's fairest, while Mrs. Dellwood wondered what, under the circumstances, would be her wisest course. She had almost decided to tell him gently that Sarah was enrolled among Madame Mortimer's Nature wooers when he came out with

"Well, it's a great comfort to know that whatever faults your own family may have, they at least aren't fools," and her courage suddenly left her. A few minutes later, when she thought she had regained it (of course she hadn't), the auspicious instant for using it seemed to be past; Mr. Dellwood from the lofty ramparts of misplaced confidence, was hurling bolts of sarcasm upon the heads of all women less perfect than his own The time for enlightening him was scarcely then

Realizing this with considerable anxiety and wishing if possible to change the perilous subject, Mrs. Dellwood called her husband's attention to the lateness of the hour. There was just time before luncheon, she said, in which to "go over the bills."

Going over the household bills on the first Sunday of every month was another of Mr Dellwood's unalterable habits, and although it was not as a rule a particularly soothing performance, Mrs. Dellwood could not think of anything else just then by way of a diversion. The bills were produced and for a few minutes there was silence in the library. Mr. Dellwood did sums on a slip of paper; his wife went back to her unfinished letter. That she should complete it without interruption was not in the nature of things, and she once more patiently discarded her pen when after a short interval Mr. Dellwood began to mutter vague, bewildered protests.

"This is very extraordinary; I can't make it out—I don't understand it," he said

"What is it, dear?" Mrs. Dellwood asked "Can't you read Larken's handwriting?'

"Read it? Of course I can read it—unless I've suddenly lost my mind, which I begin to think I have." He examined one of the grocer's order-slips—then another and a third. There were perhaps twenty-five in all and he spread them on the table before him, drawing out first one and then another with little incredulous exclamations, as if he were playing some new and puzzling game of solitaire. "What does the man mean by charging us for 'three dozen eggs—three dozen eggs—*four* dozen eggs—bushel of cucumbers—half bushel of cucumbers—bushel of cucumbers—carrots—carrots—carrots—eggs again—dozens and dozens and dozens—cucumbers—cucumbers as far as the eye can reach!" He paused and stared blankly at his wife

"Why, it's a mistake, of course," said Mrs. Dellwood, with a laugh that rang true at the beginning but whose finish was somewhat enigmatical.

"I can understand his making small mistakes; he often does. But this sort of thing—right along every day for a whole month . . . eggs never were so high as they are now—cucumbers are out of season. One or two in a salad are all well enough; but bushels and bushels! . . . What does it mean? Have you any idea?" Mr. Dellwood asked helplessly.

The memory of an afternoon on which Madame Mortimer had been discussed came back to Mrs. Dellwood with horrid distinctness. At first the connection in her mind between the beauty-woman and Larken's astounding order-slips had been a paralyzing maternal intuition that she had instantly ignored Sarah, as Mr. Dellwood had remarked, was not, after all, a fool. But now she remembered. Mrs. Bennett had been there, and

Miss Dillingham and one or two others; they all had had something to tell of Madame Mortimer's prodigality in the matter of eggs—of carrots—of cucumbers. These high-priced products were part of the method—the "wooing of Nature" What should she do? Panic-stricken, Mrs. Dellwood cast about in her mind for some evasion that would spare both her husband and her child. Nothing, however, came to her but the truth—and the hysterical reflection that truth and beauty were synonymous. She began both to laugh uncontrollably and to declare—out of respect to Mr. Dellwood's flushed and angry face—that it was "perfectly dreadful," and that she did not know what to do

A sudden exclamation in Sarah's room followed by a succession of strangled screams saved the situation by presenting another. Mrs. Dellwood, whose chair was nearer the library door, reached her daughter first and extricated her terrified face from the pillows. Sarah flung trembling, convulsive arms about her mother's neck and moaned incoherently of an unspeakable something that had slithered across the foot of her bed and fallen noiselessly to the floor.

"It must have been a mouse, dear—a poor little scared mouse," her father began in the cheerfully stilted tones with which grown-up persons are in the habit of reassuring scared children

"It wasn't a mouse; I'm not afraid of mice," Sarah sobbed. "It looked like a—it looked like a snake," she was at last induced to confess; "I was sure it was a snake—it had a little tongue—and everything. Only it couldn't be—it couldn't be."

"No, my darling—not on the seventh floor of an apartment house in the middle of a city," said her mother, making distressed eyes over Sarah's shoulder at Mr. Dellwood, who was hovering distractedly about the door. "You're not feeling well, dear; you've looked rather badly for some time; you're nervous—that's all."

"Yes, it's my nerves—my nerves Sarah moaned. "I'm all run down Madame Mortimer wouldn't let us eat anything for breakfast but raw carrots My head aches all the time. I'm bruised all over—she said we mustn't get out of bed in the ordinary way; we had to vault over the footboard. It was to make us gr—gr—graceful! The eggs and cucumbers were so sticky—so nasty. It made me sick to put the stuff on from the first. I tried so hard to give it all a fair trial—and then the—the snake"

At the mention of Madame Mortimer Mr. Dellwood stared accusingly at his wife. "Do you mean to say——" he began excitedly. But Mrs. Dellwood silenced him with imploring eyes

"We need a doctor, Samuel—not a sermon," she suggested bluntly; at which Sarah's father, glad to be something more than an agitated and helpless spectator, tiptoed hastily away Sarah refused absolutely to stay in her room an instant longer. She admitted, sensibly enough, that whatever she had seen—it was assuredly not a snake "two feet long with a little tongue—and everything." Still the illusion had been hideously perfect, and, as her mother helped her into a wrapper and led her to the library sofa, she picked her way across the hardwood floors in the manner of one who ventures barefooted into long grass

The physician in residence at the Melrose had rooms on the floor below, and as the top of the elevator was just sinking from view when Mr. Dellwood came out of his apartment he descended by way of the stairs. Half-way down Miss Dillingham was cowering limply against the balustrade. Her outstretched arms and the manner in which her fingers were entwined in the wire trellis surrounding the elevator shaft seemed to indicate that she had collapsed in a vain endeavor to scale that frail barrier and reach the floor above. Her father's gold-headed presentation cane had slipped from her grasp, and, lying unheeded on one of the lower steps, gave the last touch to a picture of desperate alarm

"Why, Miss Dillingham," Mr. Dellwood began as he ran to her assistance. Miss Dillingham transferred her grasp from the wires to her protector's arm and wailed inarticulately on his shoulder

"It's nothing—nothing," she at last declared with an effort at composure "I was coming along the hall when all at once I thought—I thought——"

"You thought you saw a snake at least three feet long with a little tongue—and everything," prompted Mr. Dellwood.

"Oh, then I did see it!" cried Miss Dillingham, as if undecided whether the reality or the hallucination were the more terrifying. "I thought it was my nerves I'm all run down—I haven't eaten——

"You saw nothing," Mr. Dellwood interrupted sternly "There was nothing to see."

He would have very much enjoyed adding that she was a vain old thing who ought to have known better, but instead he merely took her trembling hand in his and conducted her upstairs and along the hall to where Sarah and her mother were still locked in each other's arms

"We're in here, doctor," Mrs. Dellwood called out from the library when she heard the front door open

I haven't found the doctor—yet; it's only a friend of yours who seems to have been wooing Nature in her most gracious mood," replied her husband as he steered Miss Dillingham into the room and quickly withdrew. Again he hastened to the elevator, and, remembering that Miss Dillingham's cane was lying somewhere on the floor, he once more went down the stairs. As he reached the last step and turned to pick up the cane, a scream, in comparison to which Sarah's had been a musical murmur, echoed along the corridor above, and Cassie, the chambermaid, hurtling through the air with her head enveloped in an apron, fell, a sobbing heap, at Mr. Dellwood's feet

"Good Heavens, girl; don't do that again," were the only words that for a moment Mr. Dellwood was able to command But his attempt to lift Cassie to her feet was rather more sympathetic than his assistance of Miss Dillingham; Cassie's prostration was complete and uncontrollable, and Mr. Dellwood reflected, even in the heat of his anger at Madame Mortimer, that Cassie at least was not a wooer of Nature. Her scream had brought Mr. Bruce Percey, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, and several other inhabitants of the Melrose to their doors, and with their help Mr. Dellwood half dragged, half carried the chambermaid to his apartment.

"Take her to my place—take her to my place; I have a reason," he protested when Mrs. Bennett offered the cortège the hospitality of her drawing-room, which was much nearer. So Cassie was escorted to where Sarah was reposing weakly on the sofa and Miss Dillingham—her skirts drawn tightly about her feet—was fanning herself in a rocking-chair.

"Cassie has had a great fright," Mr. Dellwood informed them "she has seen something—presumably a snake," a statement that Cassie seemed to confirm by the renewed vigor of her sobs. "Now, Cassie—speak up and tell us what it was that scared you so; *you* haven't been letting Madame Mortimer rob you of your money and ruin your health in this outrageous—this criminal way, poor girl."

"I didn't *pay* anything," Cassie gulped; "I couldn't afford it; the lectures were twelve dollars apiece and I only get fifteen a month. But Monday is my day off, and I hid myself in the balcony where the music-plays and I—I—I—listened. I did everything she told the ladies to do; day before yesterday I think I broke a rib—and I'm that nervous. Sarah sat up on her sofa; Miss Dillingham stopped fanning; Mrs. Dellwood looked pained; her husband mopped his forehead. There was, then, no snake after all.

"If you did everything the ladies have been doing," said Mr. Dellwood, "the first thing you know your salary will be garnisheed for hothouse vegetables; I expect mine to be."

"I got mine free," Cassie replied—not without a kind of grotesque, tear-stained coquetry. "I have a friend—a gentleman friend—I keep company with him; he's Larken's delivery man," she falteringly explained. "But the day before yesterday when he was making his rounds and found that I had hurt myself—we had a falling out. He said that Madame Mortimer was a fake. He said she had a corner in eggs and cucumbers and that she and Larken were dividing the profits. I didn't believe him and sent him away. But yesterday morning I found out the truth by myself—for the cook sent me upstairs with Madame Mortimer's breakfast—oatmeal, a beefsteak, fried potatoes, bacon, scrambled eggs, three hot rolls and a pot of coffee; and I too weak and nervous almost to carry it. I would have told the ladies—only—only——" Cassie hesitated and wept softly on the back of her hand

"Yes, Cassie, you should have warned us," said Miss Dillingham resentfully.

"I thought if I could just hear the lecture on 'Personal Magnetism; How Attained,' I might be able to bring the best man in the world back to me," Cassie sniveled.

While Cassie was brokenly recounting her woes, Sam had returned from his walk and hurried into the room where he stood waiting for a chance to speak

"There will be no lecture on 'Personal Magnetism,'" he declared; "Madame Mortimer and her maid have left. Their trunks were going down as I came in. There's a notice on the door of the big parlor saying that she's suddenly been sent for from England to get the Queen in shape for the Coronation. Wouldn't that jar you? But that isn't what I came to say—the whole hotel's in an uproar and nobody can find out what's the matter. Mrs. Bruce Percey has locked herself in her room and is screaming dreadfully. Mrs. Bennett has a chill in the elevator and won't get out; she keeps the man going up and down without stopping—I had to climb the whole seven flights. Neither of them will tell what has happened; they just yelp and say they're nervous. The porter was breaking down Mrs. Bruce Percey's door as I passed. I bet I know what's wrong with them," Sam ended with a scowl at his sister

"Oh, this is too terrible. Leave us—leave us Sarah beseeched him, while Mrs. Dellwood renewed her consolations with one arm and made gestures of dismissal with the other. Sam retreated to his own room and had scarcely slammed his door when he ran back again to the library

"Mamma," he exclaimed indignantly, "I think it's a shame that they can't let my things alone. Somebody has taken my snake!

"*Your* snake," Mr. and Mrs. Dellwood and Sarah and Miss Dillingham and Cassie cried in chorus.

"Yes, *my* snake. I picked him up half frozen on the golf links a week ago and brought him home in my pocket. He's been perfectly contented in a collar-box on my bureau—and now somebody's had to go and let him out Sarah, did *you* see my snake?" he demanded suspiciously. At which Sarah buried her face in the pillows.

With Madame Mortimer's departure the price of eggs and cucumbers immediately went down; but Cardover's dry-goods shops were for days unable to supply a sudden and unusual demand for opaque veils

(THE END)

"THERE WILL BE NO LECTURE ON 'PERSONAL MAGNETISM,'" HE DECLARED

A Deserved Success

A YOUNG English artist who came over to this country less than a year ago found that his many letters of recommendation secured him a cordial reception, and nothing more. For a time the lines did not fall to him in pleasant places, but now, like the children of Israel, he is going forward. His less successful friends speak of his luck. He built up his luck by such methods as the following: Having drawn an illustration for a magazine, he submitted it, for criticism, to a friend who was competent to criticise, and who declared it excellent. But, in spite of this commendation, the artist himself was so little satisfied with the details of a flower that he spent two whole days wandering about the Palisades until he found the flower. Then, and then only, was he satisfied.

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The paid circulation of The Saturday Evening Post for this week is 362,500 copies.

¶Health brings wealth more often than wealth brings health

¶Hard luck visits us; retribution overtakes our neighbors.

¶A man's good work lives after him, but it isn't always identified

¶The man who has never been tempted may be unintentionally honest

¶A good home in a healthy village still beats a small room in a city flat

¶It is a happy accident that places Thanksgiving Day before the meeting of Congress.

¶All say prosperity is a good thing and in the next breath they object to its high prices.

¶The man who never gets enough will enjoy what he has more than the man who gets too much.

¶It has come to the point where arbitration is a nice thing to talk about after the troubles are settled

¶It is singular that the man who can always tell how it should be done never did it or anything like it.

¶We all recognize the superiority of mind over matter, but somehow the cheapness of books did not help much when the dearness of food was followed by the scarcity of fuel with which to cook it.

Old Beliefs and New Facts

MANY things we believed yesterday disappear or become doubts to-day. George Washington did not cut down the cherry tree; William Tell shot no apple from the head of the boy; it has not been proven that the mysterious unknown ever struck Billy Patterson. When we had measles in our youth and doctors would not let us have fresh air, cold water and comfort—now they cure measles by the very things they denied. Doubt has even assailed the virtue of the porous plaster and attacked the laws of competition

Even from the exalted Malthus is the world withdrawing its confidence. Book after book, generation after generation, scientist after scientist has put faith in his theory that "the increase in population tends to outrun the means of subsistence," and thus we have found a certain consolation in war, pestilence, famine and other destroyers and restrictions of propagation, because if more people lived there would not be enough good things to go round. But here comes Professor Brentano, of the University of Munich, with an array of modern facts and figures to show that Malthus was wrong, and that he led the thinking part of the human race into error. Civilization, he declares, means not only increase in population but increase in resources, in creature comforts. After William the Conqueror it took six centuries to double England's population, but in the past century the population quadrupled and the per capita wealth increased a hundred per cent., while wages increased more than that. In the United States, the marvel of all growth, subsistence as expressed in wages and wealth more than keeps pace with the population. There is to-day in the banks an average of $108 for every man, woman and child, and the wealth of the country if divided among its eighty million inhabitants would give each something like two thousand dollars. Thus civilization appears to be providing for its own, in spite of Malthus and his theory.

We spoke of competition. "Competition is the life of trade" is a declaration we have heard from babyhood. But now we have a large number of good people who honestly doubt it. They believe in the new condition of combination, in the monopoly of public utilities by the Government, in decreasing the cost to the consumer by excluding the cost of competition. We do not know where all this will lead—just as nobody really knows how to solve the trust question or which of the half-dozen varying remedies suggested by President Roosevelt would be worth trying. In the very places where laws against trusts are the thickest the trusts thrive most. But that is not all, for we have in recent scientific magazines and periodicals many proofs that the Gulf Stream is not what it has been represented to be. So it goes. Our new knowledge may yet justify the man who spoke disrespectfully of the Pleiades; it may even begin to churn the Milky Way.

The Sleeping Lion

IN LOTOS LEAVES—an old publication of the Lotos Club of New York City—there is printed, rather than published, a remarkable poem written years and years ago by John Hay, the Secretary of State. It is entitled Liberty. Its first stanza is in admiration and love of the sea, whatever its mood of calm or sullen unrest or furious storm. Hay, the poet, then likens the sea to Liberty, and majestically sweeping the strings of his harp he sings of Liberty:

"Let us not despise it when it lies
Still as a sleeping lion, while a swarm
Of gnat-like Evils hovers round its head;
Nor doubt it when in mad, disjointed times
It shakes the torch of terror, and its cry
Thrills o'er the quaking earth, and in the flame
Of riot and war we see its awful foam
Rise by the scaffold where the crimson ax
Rings down its grooves the knell of shuddering kings.
For, always in thine eyes, O Liberty,
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee!"

Obviously—for its exalted passion—this is the work of a young man, but a young American, one who had felt in youth what the boy John Hay must have felt as he was privileged to stand near Lincoln in the red days of Civil War. And it gives one a strange sensation, a mingling of emotions, to come upon these lines in this time when "a swarm of gnat-like Evils hovers"—this time when, because a few irresponsibles here and there have not yet learned what America means when it says "Liberty!" many timid ones twitter hysterically of the perils of "overeducating the masses" and of "trusting property to universal suffrage."

These lines recall that wonderful letter of Washington in reply to Nicola's suggestion that he should lead in a movement to give America "a mixed government like England's"

a letter which every American should read not once but again and again. And the line,

"And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee!"

might be an echo of the look in the eyes of McKinley as he fell at Buffalo.

It is well that the world does not live for abstract ideas wholly, does not dwell upon them always. But, when the senses are stupefied with the corn and wine of a prodigal prosperity, there may be a certain profit in recalling such a poem as John Hay's, and such a definition of a state as Plutarch makes the wise men of Greece give:

Solon—"I hold that city or state happy and most likely to remain democratic in which those that are not personally injured are yet as forward to question and correct wrongdoers as that person who is more immediately wronged."

Bias—"Where all fear the law as they fear a tyrant."

Thales—"Where the citizens are neither too rich nor too poor."

Anacharsis—"Where, though in all other respects they are equal, yet virtuous men are advanced and vicious men degraded."

Cleobulus—"Where the rulers fear reproof and shame more than the law"

Pittacus—"Where bad men are prohibited from ruling and good men from not ruling."

An Example to be Avoided

"BOYS will be boys" is very well understood by every one who has anything to do with boys, and therefore due allowance is always made for the exuberance of youth. The pranks of college undergraduates have become famous, and men whose pasts are still not too far removed from them, and who are able to keep youthful hearts under gray exteriors, smile at some of the ill-considered actions of young men, even if at times they disapprove of them. But there is a difference between the harmless folly of high spirits and the stupid and criminal actions of men old enough to know better.

The action of five hundred students of a Western university a few weeks ago, who, excited over a football game, raided and practically wrecked a railroad train, resisting the authorities when arrested and attempting to storm the jail to liberate their companions, calls for serious condemnation. This was not mere thoughtlessness. It was an open defiance of law and all properly constituted authority, and was anarchy in its worst form. It was setting an example so bad and so vicious that it cannot be excused on the mere ground of a college boys' lark. Great damage was done to property; the lives of people on the train were put in jeopardy, and the law was openly defied by men who considered themselves superior to the law. A man whose infraction of the law had been only one-tenth as grave as that of the university boys would have been promptly punished and sent to prison for his offense, and doubtless the majority of these five hundred students would have upheld the righteousness of society's verdict.

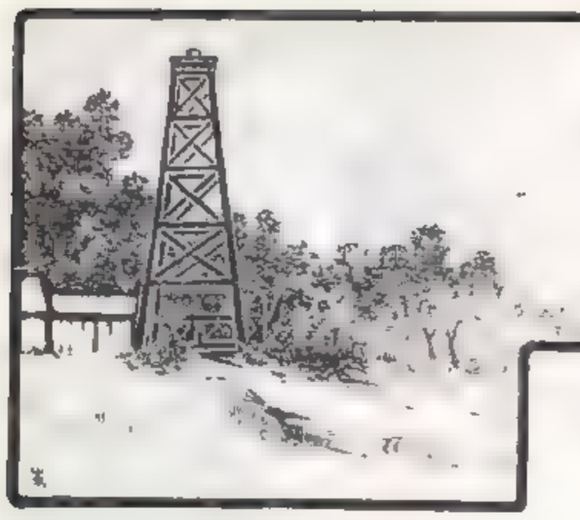
Boys must be boys, but they must also, especially when they are collegians, remember that they are under the same restraints which control all other members of society, and they are amenable to the laws precisely as are all other persons, irrespective of social condition. In fact, young men who are studying to gain an education, which in its broadest sense means something more than mere book-learning, owe an obligation to those less fortunate to set a good example, and one of the greatest obligations laid upon them is to respect the law and those who are placed in authority over them. It is to be hoped that the bad example set will not be emulated by the students of other universities. Rather let them try to show their manliness by taking part in all healthy sports, by showing the life that is in them by originality and cleverness without causing injury or inconvenience to any one; and always let them bear in mind that the first duty of the man who is trying to equip himself for the battle of life, and to become a worthy citizen and an honor to his community, is to reverence the law and conform to discipline.

The Safekeeping of the Caribbean

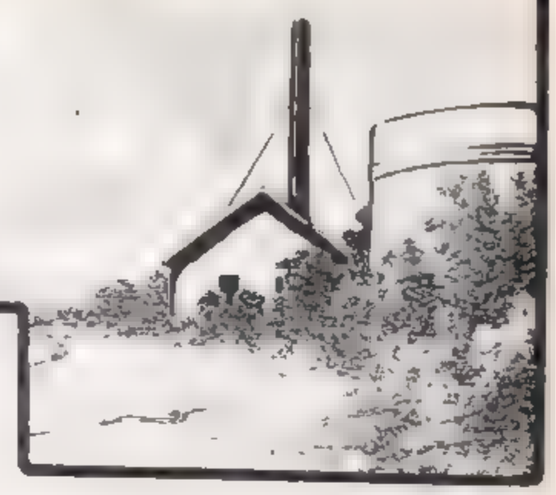
IT IS a curious circumstance that the area of volcanic disturbance in Latin-American politics just now is precisely within the inner circle of our own influence. In a broad way the whole Western hemisphere is covered by the Monroe Doctrine, but if that Doctrine had never been heard of it would still have been necessary for us to assume the guardianship of the Caribbean Sea, with the approaches to the Isthmian Canal. And it is exactly there that the lava is spurting on every side. Things seem to be going quietly enough in Brazil, Argentina, Chili and the rest of the remoter Latin republics, but Venezuela, Colombia, Haiti and Central America are in an incessant state of eruption

Thus it happens that the American policeman's work is cut out for him right on his own beat. And how he is going to handle it is the most puzzling question that has confronted him in a good many days. Forcible annexation would be as unpleasant in practice as it would be reprehensible in morals. The American people are not pining after the conquest of any more Philippines. It is possible that the methods adopted to preserve order on the line of the Panama Railroad might be profitably extended. We might keep a powerful fleet always in the Caribbean and occupy any coast towns that seemed threatened with anarchy. Fortunately most of the foreign interests that make trouble over the Monroe Doctrine are in the seaports. If order could be maintained there the politicians might be allowed to play at revolution in the interior without doing much harm. Probably they would not care to revolutionize much under such conditions, for there are no banks in the jungle to loot, no foreign merchants to levy forced loans upon, and no importers to hold up at the custom-houses. Peace in the seaports would be likely to mean peace everywhere.

Something will certainly have to be done soon, for the spectacle of Uncle Sam going half around the world to introduce good government into the Malay Archipelago and leaving a welter of anarchy at his own doors is a little too incongruous, especially as he vehemently refuses to allow the work of keeping order in that region to be undertaken by anybody else.



PROMOTERS THAT PREY



By FORREST CRISSEY

THE LINE BETWEEN THE "FAKIR" AND THE SERVICEABLE DEVELOPER OF INDUSTRY. SOME RULES FOR UNWARY INVESTORS, WITH INSTANCES OF ALLURING FRAUDS BY WHICH THE PUBLIC HAS BEEN VICTIMIZED

NEVER, since the bursting of the South Sea and Mississippi Bubbles, have rapacious and unprincipled promoters swarmed in such numbers and preyed upon the trusting public with such impunity and success as at the present moment

Everywhere men of large affairs admit this phase of the nation's financial condition to be truly startling. One prominent banker states his belief that there are to-day more than half a million of mining, oil and plantation schemes in process of successful exploitation. Another officer of a large trust company declares

"The only words I can think of strong enough to describe the present situation regarding the unsound and fraudulent financial schemes and their promoters are the words which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Ariel, when that 'airy spirit' exclaims: 'Hell is empty, and all the devils are here.' Nothing short of this quotation can do justice to the aggregation of these financial vultures now settling down upon the industrial feast which has been spread by the genius of Prosperity for the American people."

That these statements are well within the truth is indicated by the fact that it is almost impossible to find a newspaper which does not contain the advertisements of from one to a hundred of these "get-rich-quick" schemes, of every shade of plausibility, from the thinly veiled fraud to the "solid proposition," so cleverly devised, so convincingly presented as to "deceive the very elect." Never before did the machinery of the United States mails groan under such a burden of circulars, booklets and other printed arguments urging upon a money-mad public opportunities for realizing its dreams of sudden wealth. Demands upon all the agencies of the Federal Government charged with the detection and punishment of those who use the United States mails for fraudulent purposes are unprecedented, and post-office inspectors, United States District Attorneys and agents of the Federal Secret Service are flooded with work caused by the wholesale operations of that class of promoters who are not content with ventures which bear the stamp of legitimacy "on the Street," but sail close to the line of the criminal statutes

Safe Rules for the Green Investors

Because there is an abounding class of promoters who prey upon the credulous public and prosper upon its misfortunes, the conclusion should not be drawn that the promoter who confines his energies to legitimate enterprises is not a useful and valued member of society. His office is a peculiar one, and probably he could not well be dispensed with. Certainly the history of financial, commercial and industrial development shows that higher and progressive organization in these fields has almost invariably been brought about by the efforts of men not themselves engaged in the enterprises thus organized. These men have stood outside the active ranks of the industries receiving their attention—and likely for that very reason have been able to get a broad, judicial bird's-eye view of the situation and its possibilities. Then they have applied their genius for organization, for the getting of men, money and certain industrial resources together, and causing these forces to act in peace and unison instead of continuing in a state of war. A clever Chicagoan who has himself promoted several large enterprises declares that "The element of peace in a commercial or an industrial situation, as well as in an international one, is that which gives security to securities and pays dividends from earnings as well as interest on obligations"; and he adds that, "While a well founded industrial hope is certainly subject to capitalization, a wise suspicion is the most valuable asset with which a prospective investor can start to do business."

Let it be granted, then, that the promoter who confines his efforts to honorable and legitimate enterprises and methods is as much entitled to confidence as the merchant, the manufacturer or the jobber, and that he is exempt from the strictures which are here placed upon that class of promoters who prosper at the expense of others and render no good service to business or society. That a note of practical warning may be sounded to those who are tempted to invest in ventures which promise large returns, the writer has gathered the confidential advice and counsel of many leading financial men, bankers, trust-officers, and the editors of financial journals, asking them to formulate a simple rule by which the most inexperienced investor may determine what enterprises are worthy of investigation, how to investigate these, and, finally, what ventures are to be rejected as involving too great an element of risk. In asking for this information each man interviewed was requested not to make his rule so restrictive as to debar the small investor from the possibility of profits fairly to be compared with the percentage of gain which the large and experienced investor is in the habit of receiving

One financier, whose name is undoubtedly known to nearly all the readers of this magazine, gives this formula for keeping out of bad investments:

"Do not invest with any enterprise not directly under the management of men who have a deserved reputation for honesty and for success in large business affairs."

This statement was qualified by the significant observation that some men who have made national reputations in a political way have been led into enterprises of a doubtful substantiality, and that their names as officers and directors have attracted the attention and gained the confidence of thousands of laymen who do not stop to think that there is a great difference between political and business success, and that a national reputation in the former field should not be accounted as an indication of financial and executive ability

Another equally distinguished financier gives still more detailed suggestions to the prospective investor.

"Make no investment in a concern where the men in control, or some of them, are not *personally known* to you to be what the banker calls *good moral risks*. By that I mean men of a high sense of business and personal honor. In addition to this they must also have a clear record for wide, practical experience in large business affairs and for a substantial success. Then I would strike out from consideration all schemes which promised to pay more than ten per cent. per annum on the investment. The element of security in an investment diminishes in the ratio that its percentage of possible profits increases, and when you stand a good chance of getting more than ten per cent, on your money, be sure that you are running a stiff risk

"Again: The great bulk of losses on investments made by people of small or moderate means are on so-called securities, or stocks, which are not listed on the leading stock exchanges of the country. It may well be taken for granted that there is enough risk in the bonds and shares which are listed for trading at the exchanges, but these are vastly more secure than most of those of the enterprises not so listed. This is so because every security which is accepted for trading at any stock exchange has to pass muster at the hands of a committee of members of the exchange, who carefully inquire into the standing of the securities and bar out those which are not to be classed as substantial. Of course many stocks are listed which, sooner or later, turn out badly in the investment as well as the speculative sense, but the listed security has every chance in its favor as against the unlisted one."

A Good Time to Sell Out

Recently a heavy dealer in bonds remarked to the writer:

"A curious episode lately came within my experience which shows how thoroughly the promoter has done his work, even in the big 'solid' things that are star features on the leading stock exchanges of the country. Coming from New York to Chicago in the smoking compartment of a Pullman I made the acquaintance of a young man from California. Learning my business he said he wished to ask my advice. Then he related that his wife had inherited a certain comparatively small manufacturing plant. She was visited by the agent of a promoter who was organizing a consolidation of that industry. Finally the promoter offered $75,000 in cash and an equal sum in common and preferred shares of the combine stock. As the cash received was alone a good, fair price for the business, of course she sold and held the shares as velvet. There was a boom in the stock and she saw the price climb up until it amounted to much more than the cash payment. Should he sell or not? I advised him by all means to do so at once, and asked him if there was any reason to believe that the combination could continue to pay heavy dividends on a string of plants bought on the basis on which that belonging to his wife had been sold. He saw the point and got out from under just in time to escape a big fall in those securities."

It is a notable fact that less than a dozen great combines have recently passed into liquidation or at present are in process of reorganization, showing a shrinkage of upward of two hundred million dollars. And their shares were long time favorites on the blackboards of the brokers.

So much for the listed shares and the likelihood of their inflation under the manipulation of the skillful promoter. Once the listed stock is left behind, we enter the domain of schemes which run the whole gamut of plausibility, from the sheer absurdity of the "cheap fake" to the investment which has all the color and circumstance of an imposing and conservative enterprise. The town which has not a promoter is scarcely living up to its privileges in the modern sense; the spirit of scheming is abroad in the land, and quick gains and big ones made by wit instead of work is the order of the hour.

An Air-Line on Wind Capital

Some of these are so ingenious and clever that they compel the admiration of those who are able to see their weak spots, and deceive many of those who are seasoned by long experience in affairs. Lately a promoter who had secured control of the charter and right of way of an interurban railroad brought to a friend this plan for the quick capitalization of his enterprise: Nearly twenty thousand dollars were to be expended in placing full-page advertisements in the Sunday issues of the leading daily newspapers of the country.

The promoter was to capitalize the company for $2,000,000, divided into 400,000 shares of five dollars each; 197,000 shares were to be advertised for sale at five dollars per share, realizing $985,000, while the balance, $1,015,000, was to go to the promoter. There were to be prizes offered to the purchasers of these shares to the amount of $170,000, and in addition the promoter was to donate to a philanthropic organization a home at a summer resort on the line of the railroad of the value of $25,000

The $170,000 of prize money was to be divided into a certain number of prizes, and the numbers taking these prizes were to be published in the advertisement, and the corresponding number of the subscription was to be determined by the order of its receipt. These subscriptions to shares were to be recorded, at the depository, by an appropriate receiving-stamp indicating the day, the hour, minute and second, and numbered consecutively in the order of their coming. The numbers of the several subscriptions which were to receive the prizes were designated in the advertisements, thus avoiding liability under the "lottery statute." These prizes varied from $2 to $20,000, there being several $5000 and $10,000 prizes.

The cash received, $985,000, less the prizes, donation and advertising expenses, was to be used to build the road, which was to be constructed or equipped entirely without bonded or other indebtedness

The depositary was to be a prominent bank, into whose hands all of the correspondence and remittances were to go, and which was to receive and hold all of the money, and issue the certificates of stock to the subscribers. If more subscriptions should be received than for 197,000 shares, they were to be returned to the senders

It was confidently expected that one issue of an advertisement of this character would produce a large amount of subscriptions in excess of those desired. While the friend admitted that the road itself was a sound business proposition, and that this was the cleverest scheme that had ever been put up to him by a promoter, he decided that it was "too good to be true" and declined to advance the $20,000 for advertising.

Thousands of persons are victimized by oil investment schemes through failing to realize that the production of the property is always greatest at the start and diminishes more or less rapidly until the vanishing point is reached. In other words, the inexperienced oil investor does not stop to think

that his "gusher" insists upon throwing up to the surface, at the outset, an output which represents the principal of his investment, and that unless the certain diminution of his yield" is taken account of in his purchase price, or is offset by a sinking fund, he is bound to lose. Here as in the "mining proposition" the wily promoter makes the skillfully manipulated estimate do service for accomplished results so far as influencing the mind of the investor is concerned, by ignoring the sinking-fund provision in his capitalization and basing his estimate upon the percentage of output at the start. Many plantation schemes, located in the Southwest, in Mexico, in Central and South America, are made to show fabulous prospective profits through the clever manipulation of estimates which allow reductions for so many exigencies that the investor comes to believe that every possible contingency is covered and discounted.

Nearly all of these doubtful enterprises offer their shares at so small a figure that the day laborer has a chance to "take stock" out of his meagre savings. Some few of these corporations advertise their shares at a cent apiece and many of them at five cents, in order to catch the class of investors having only small sums. According to the banking fraternity, any enterprise which offers shares at these low figures should be thoroughly sifted before investment—and generally they will be wisely rejected

The latest development of the promoter's art is the operation of corporations for the promotion of promoting. Several institutions of this kind are now resting under indictment for trial in the United States Courts. Their corporate titles are generally of an imposing kind, calculated to give the public the impression that they are banking and trust organizations. These houses operate in pairs. The man who answers an advertisement for a general agent comes to the city and finds an impressive suite of offices, resplendent with polished furniture and an imposing array of official titles lettered upon glass doors. He is referred to another "Guarantee and Trust" corporation, in another part of the city. Its offices are equally magnificent, and the inquirer is assured that, although the company he is investigating is a competitor, they must admit it to be sound and reliable in every way.

The inquirer goes back delighted and is told that he can have a general agency in a distant Western city provided he can furnish satisfactory recommendations. Then a last slight formality is always brought up incidentally: The rule that all general agents must hold a certain amount of the company's stock in order to insure self interest and the highest efficiency of service. The sum asked is always in proportion to the applicant's resources, which have been ascertained before negotiations reach a closing stage. As he is assured a good salary and a liberal commission he does not hesitate to buy the stock. His duties are supposed to be the finding of industries which are in need of more capital and of the promoter's art. When he sends to the general office a report of a prospective client he is told that the latter must first pay a fee—generally not less than $500—in order to have its condition investigated by an expert to be sent from headquarters. Also he soon discovers that his contract contains some cleverly worded clause which imposes conditions impossible of fulfillment and therefore makes the agreement void. Hundreds of victims of this general scheme, worked with an ingenious repertoire of variations, have been separated from their savings and cast adrift in cities distant from their homes. Secret Service agents of the Government have discovered the existence of "Scheme Schools" for the purpose of teaching plans for the victimizing of the public—mainly through offers which hold out the inducement of home employment and pleasant work, which is "not canvassing." Also they have unearthed houses which do a thriving business in furnishing mailing lists of "suckers." These lists are graded according to "quality" and are charged for accordingly.

A fair type of the "home employment" variety of scheme recently came to light in a Western city and brought its operator under indictment by the Federal Grand Jury. Its plausibility is so great that there is some reason to believe that its manipulator was herself possibly deceived into thinking that it might run on indefinitely and consequently without disaster either to herself or her patrons. She secured the recipe for preparing a polishing cloth which did not cost her to exceed five cents for each cloth. Then she advertised for general agents to do "work at home." Each applicant was required to send two dollars for a sample cloth and agreed to write one hundred and twenty letters to personal friends recommending the polishing cloth and guaranteeing the honesty of its proprietor. For writing these letters each person was assured five dollars. Those first to respond to this opportunity were fully paid in strict accordance with the agreement. This process was continued until the proprietor of the scheme had her office literally stacked with thousands of these personal letters ready for mailing, her plan being to put them all into the mails at once so that if only a small proportion brought responses containing remittances she would find herself suddenly in the possession of a comfortable fortune. As it is believed that her accumulation of letters ready to be mailed amounted to more than one hundred thousand, the possibilities of her scheme will be readily appreciated. Her downfall came through the fact that she one day made a slight miscalculation in her finances, failing to have at her command, for payment to her letter-writers, a sum of several hundred dollars. Suddenly she found her office besieged by more than two hundred angry and desperate women, and she would have undoubtedly suffered severe physical violence had not the police interfered.

A Tenderfoot on Thunder Mountain

(Continued from Page 2)

no miners to persuade until this August, so most of the gold-seekers camped out for one or two nights. That is what made tin cans so valuable on the trail. Until a man has had to shift for himself, without an elaborate cooking outfit, he does not know how many uses there are for a harmless, necessary tomato can. It serves as coffee-pot, stewpan, cup and saucer, and water-glass. An ordinary shovel also makes an excellent frying-pan, and there are men so expert that they can also make gravy on it, and by covering it with ashes bake biscuits on it. A man never knows until he tries to get along without them how independent he is of the fortifications civilization has put before him to protect him from manual work. Of a cold, starry morning on the trail, coffee tied in a sack and pounded with a little rock on a big one is as well ground as with a patent grinder. Arm an American citizen with a stout pocket-knife, equip him with a slab of bacon and a few pounds of flour, set him astride a cayuse plug, and it will surprise his friends to find how far he can go into the wilderness. And every mile he goes from Shafer's to Thunder Mountain he learns self-reliance, and that is the important element in character. Riding a cayuse through the solitude one keeps his eyes fixed between the horse's ears, but his mind has time to see the soul of things as they are, down at the base of life. One finds why the simple life in which every man is more or less dependent upon his own actions for his daily bread gives a community strength and makes an army invincible. On the trail, alone, one understands better than in a great crowd in towns that individualism is the heritage that America got from the Indian; perhaps it is in the soil or the climate or that mysterious intangible something we call "environment," but certainly wherever American character is typically vigorous it shows the self reliance of the man on the trail. And the mountains and the plains, and the farms and the railroads, and the mines of this country are schools where this raw, ready courage is taught. A cowboy was riding down an Idaho mountainside. His horse tripped and fell. The rider's feet were in the stirrups; he could not kick them loose; in the second that the horse was getting ready to rise the man saw that he should be kicked to death if the horse ever got up. Before the horse had stiffened his forepaws the man had drawn his gun and shot the horse dead. Two seconds spent in deciding what to do would have cost that cowboy his life. A man going through a daily routine, with nothing to do in the morning but to turn on the heat, who finds his courage put to a test when he squats in a bathtub of cold water, may have an academic admiration of courage, but when the time comes to use courage and judgment with the precision of a machine, if he fails the failure is fatal. It is a hopeful sign that the majority of the gold-seekers in Thunder Mountain are American-born. At Hunter's cabin, the first night out from Shafer's, they built a big campfire, and around it sat Hunter, a mining expert from Nevada; Hollister, a capitalist from New York; Lucas, a Texas oil boomer, Call, a Warrens politician, Seibre, a prospector from Seattle; Perine, a teacher from Chicago; Watson, a Klondike man, Crown of Cœur D'Alène, and Howland, a California Irishman—all men with at least one generation of free institutions in their blood. European blood is good blood, but it makes a man happy to see that American institutions do not make his own people flabby and afraid of a draft

The Frontier Theory of Materia Medica

We talked of these things as we lay with our feet pointed toward Hunter's campfire, and Seibre told us of the hardships of the winter in Thunder Mountain, of the trips on skees and snow-shoes, of the perils of the April journey, when men fear to bat their eyes lest it should start a snow-slide. And finally, as he warmed up to the work, he related how a miner's life was saved by the presence of mind of the foreman during the winter on Mule Creek. The miner was taken suddenly ill, with symptoms of cholera morbus. The directions on the medicine chest prescribed number fifteen for cholera morbus, but when the foreman went for number fifteen he found the bottle empty, and with that rare instinct born of a life on the frontier quickly poured half a teaspoonful of number ten and half a teaspoonful of number five into a tin cup, added sugar and water, administered the dose and brought the suffering man out of his pain in short order. Later Seibre tried to convince the crowd that the mosquitoes are so big in the Yellow Pine basin that hunters mistake mosquito tracks at the spring for grouse tracks, and that at night mosquitoes get so thick that one has to throw a rock through them to make a hole so that he can see if the horses are all right. But one could tell that this story was not received with that gaping credulity which Seibre had hoped would welcome it. We went to bed feeling that he had tried to impose on us; the element of improbability in his story worked against Seibre. If he had merely said that the mosquitoes had sat on logs and barked at the horses, his story would have been trimmed with that adornment of verisimilitude which makes a counterfeit pass current, till it strikes the man who bites.

In the morning we set out on our journey over the hills and far away. It is thirty-five miles from Hunter's cabin on a fork of Logan Creek to Roosevelt, at the base of Thunder Mountain. There is not a stretch of two hundred consecutive yards in the whole way where one may gallop a horse. The road goes straight up or straight down from Big Creek to Thunder Mountain. It is a desolate way in the main—through miles of dead forests, over bleak hillsides covered with decomposed porphyry and yellow ashes, down blue-gray cañons walled with gray rock that is not granite, across long, steep wooded mountains and by lakes that lie in the desolation of the place, mute and radiant, like angels' souls cast into a pit. As the procession of gold-hunters winds across this wilderness, and past Snow-slide Peak, the bleakest and highest of the Salmon River mountains, it is silent of any bird-call, save the raucous jeer of the Camp Robber, as he whirls along the path mocking the wayfarers. By the time one has ridden four or five days on this trail his conversation has dried in him and he becomes a kind of moving vegetable. No dangers arouse him, no beauty thrills him. The lavender haze that covers the hills and deepens into purple in the arroyos may delight his soul, but he is silent as the solitude about him. Deep speaks unto deep in the dumb eloquence of perfect peace. There seem to be hours, though of course that is the spell of the time and place, when the shrilling of the pack-train bell is hushed and the slipping, sliding of the horses' feet in the cluttered trail ceases and one appears to be going forward through a strange, wild place as though he were moving on the unstable gossamer of a dream.

When the trail drops into the cañon of Monumental Creek the insistent babble of the stream, stained with tailings from the Demey mine many miles above, forces the world and reality into the pilgrim's mind, and the day dreams vanish. For in the cañon half a score of trails meet from as many hills, and other travelers join the procession bound for

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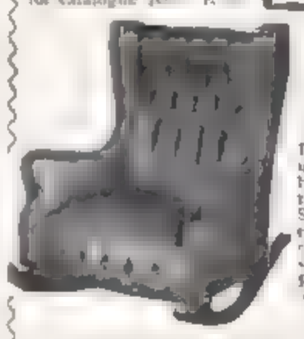
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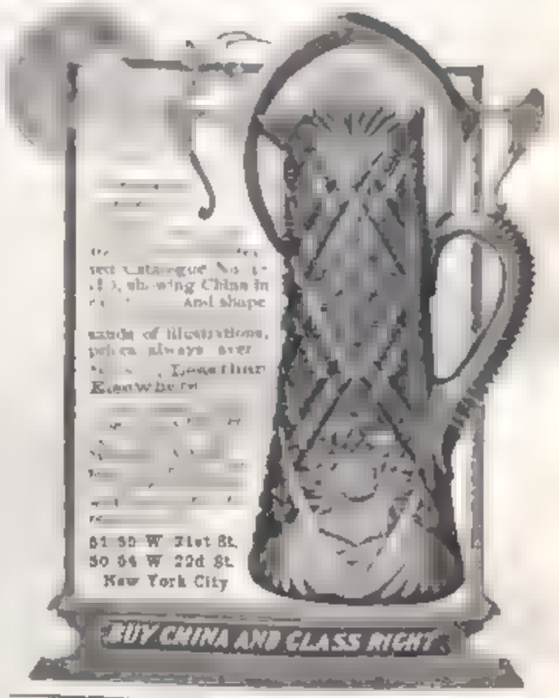
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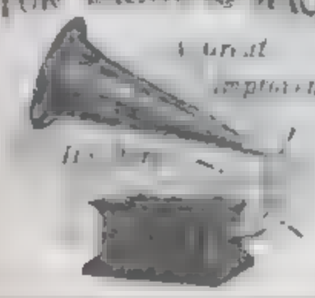

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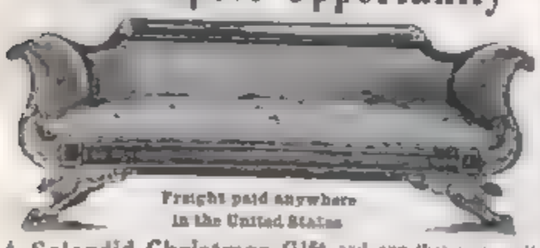

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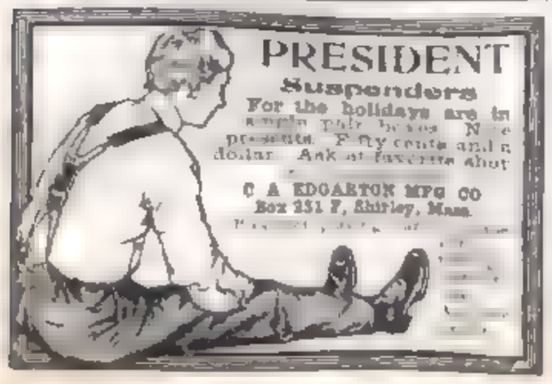
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to foot of the rainbow. The horses that have come this way with packs or with men on their backs are tired to desperation. And the last fifty miles of the trail is a boneyard. Hundreds of poor beasts have dropped in their places and their carcasses have been pushed out of the way for the vultures and the wolves to feed upon. Monumental Gulch is the last long pull before reaching the journey's end, and the pack drivers who swing into the main trail along the Gulch take new hope and revive their languishing vocabulary of saw-toothed profanity

Pirates swore to cauterize their souls against the prick of conscience for their own misdeeds; but the pale cast of thought of a pirate with his sword in his teeth, his pistols in his hands and his toes sloshing in gore is to the sonorous, diaphanous, diabolical snorts of the Idaho packer as the soporific cackle of the helpful hen to the cyclone's roar of wrath. And the packer who releases all this rage may not be a wicked man nor an impious man. Old man Bull, who packs from Warrens to Roosevelt, who has sworn every tooth out of his head, and who may be heard on a clear day over half of Idaho, is a good man and pious at heart as a monk. But his mules require high-potency profanity and he makes a virtue out of necessity. Throw the ordinary pneumatic cussword of commerce at a pack-mule and he will not brush his tail in response. Curse him with the milk-and-water maledictions of a railroad section-boss and a burro will change his weight from one shoulder to the other, but will not move. Pound him raw with spiked clubs and your arm will weary before you have driven him a mile. Only the concentrated essence of all the blasphemy of the greaser, the dago, the Siwash Indian and the abandoned white man, poured like a boiling poison into his drooping ear, will keep the motor of the pack-mule moving. They say that old man Bull's journals get so hot that his language often starts forest fires, but there is no well authenticated case where this has happened.

As the footpath climbs up the Monumental Creek Gulch one sees why the creek bears its name. For men in the mountains throw their names at things with skill and precision. The cañon is a gallery of monuments. Nature has cut quaint capers, with erosions and with earthquakes and with fire and flood, and the rocks along the way have taken fantastic shapes. When this gulch is well known of men the photographs of these monuments will be as familiar in depots and hotels and railway guide-books as are the stone freaks of the Garden of the Gods or of the Great Stone faces of the Eastern hills

The Pilgrim's Untiring Persistency

A mile from the town of Roosevelt, the only town in the gold fields, the trail rises into a forest. Here, a few months ago, a forest fire raged, but did not check travel. Pack train after pack-train scooted through the blazing timber, with burning trees crashing across the path, and the fires bursting from the canvas-covered packs upon the animals, and smoking brands dropping on the shoulders of the men. But gold is an exacting mistress, and when she beckons men rise and follow. If it be through fire, they enter the pit without faltering. And so into these gold-hills the trails from the uttermost parts of the earth have been spilling their human flood. Men have come on snow-shoes in winter and spring, and in summer have waded torrents, all have passed through perils and have walked along precipices touching elbows with death. Other crusades have had their insignia and their badges; but the crusaders of Thunder Mountain wore the strangest badge of all. It was a pack on the back rampant, held in place by blue overalls, couchant, with the legs crossed on the wearer's breast and pinned to the rear elevation behind. Day after day these crusaders hit the trail and kept it hot through freezing weather. And night after night they lay out under the stars on their spruce beds, and such was the enchantment of the crusade that the pines and firs and tamarack trees lifted into arches and domes and graceful columns, and before the alkali patch on the milky way had been worn bald by the dead weight of night, these crusaders of Thunder Mountain closed their eyes and "dwelt in marble halls with vassals and serfs" at their sides. And it came to pass that some of these crusaders did find the foot of the rainbow at Thunder Mountain, and now they are digging for the pot of gold

Editor's Note—The next installment will be about the town of Roosevelt and the Thunder Mountain mines. The third paper will cover the Big Creek division of the Thunder Mountain district where the recent marvelous strikes have been made.

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The Hotel Cecil and Its Enfant Terrible

By T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

AN ASTONISHING thing took place one night in the very agony of the war in South Africa. The discovery had been made that the family of the Chamberlains had made vast profits in the supply of arms, ammunition and other things connected with the making of war. It had always been known that delicacy of feeling had not been the distinguishing characteristic of this somewhat pushful race; but this combination of warlike policy in the chief figure of the family and commercial profit from the war was something that seemed to reach a point beyond endurance of any honorable Parliament or even political party. When, therefore, it was known that Lloyd George, one of the most fearless of the pro-Boer Liberals, was to bring the matter before the House of Commons everybody expected that, however clever might be the defense of Mr. Chamberlain, the debate was bound to do him irreparable mischief

The situation was not supposed to be in any way modified by the fact that a Mr. Bartley had put down for the same night as the anti-Chamberlain motion another resolution, which called attention to the construction of the Ministry and to the overwhelming representation in it of the one family. Nobody attached any importance to the motion. Its proposer—a not very sympathetic figure—was supposed to be influenced by disappointment; and in any case, as he was a member of the Unionist party, he was considered to have sinned against all canons both of party discipline and of personal good taste in having raised such a painfully personal question at all. The general expectation was that the motion would end in a wretched fizzle, and that nobody would be discredited by it but the very tactless person who had brought it forward. And yet what really happened was that it was the motion against Mr. Chamberlain which turned out a fizzle; whereas it was that against Lord Salisbury and the Cecil family which produced profound effect and very general assent. It was then for the first time that Liberals and other opponents of the present Government realized how much the conduct of Lord Salisbury in stuffing the Cabinet with members of his family was resented by the members on his own side.

The Revolt Against Cecil Exclusiveness

The phrase applied to the Government at the time was the Hotel Cecil—a name, as you know, suggested by one of the great hotels of London; and the name has stuck. The truth is that the Unionist party is so overwhelmingly strong that it is bound to have a vast number of disappointed ambitions; there is not enough to go around even if there were forty instead of eighteen Cabinet Ministers when a party has a majority of 130. The result is that there are in all parts of the party men who think that they have a right to a place; and some of them are entitled to hold that opinion. And instead of their getting even a chance, they find the sons and nephews and relations by marriage of the Cecil family and the son and dependents of Chamberlain père swallowing up all that there is going.

Mr. Balfour had an opportunity of righting this state of things to some extent when the moment came for reconstructing his Ministry; but everybody who knew Mr. Balfour knew that he was not in the least the man boldly to grasp such a situation; that he was too kind-hearted, too considerate, too jealous of his great personal popularity to make anything like the clean sweep which in the opinion of his own party as well as that of the country generally was demanded of him. The war is over, and the country breathes freely at the fact; but do not suppose that anybody forgets the terrible volume of disasters, blunders, horrible unpreparedness which that war revealed. There is not to-day a man who thinks that the Ministry responsible for the war did well. The feeling is universal that the country is in the hands of bunglers, decadents, and two families; and that is the feeling which is really producing the dry-rot which has come upon the Ministry and which in a short time will probably make it impossible for it any longer to hold power.

It is a curious fact that the cleverest of the Cecil family—the only one in Parliament who has got nothing—is yet the one who has

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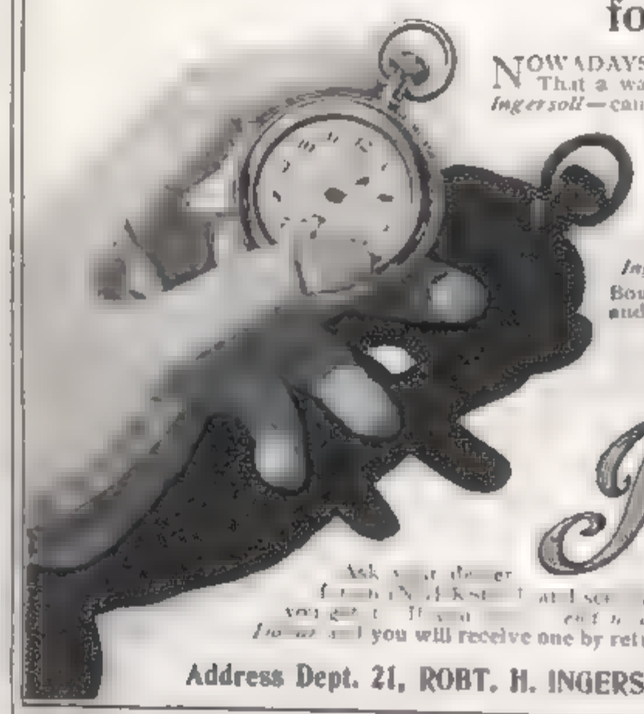

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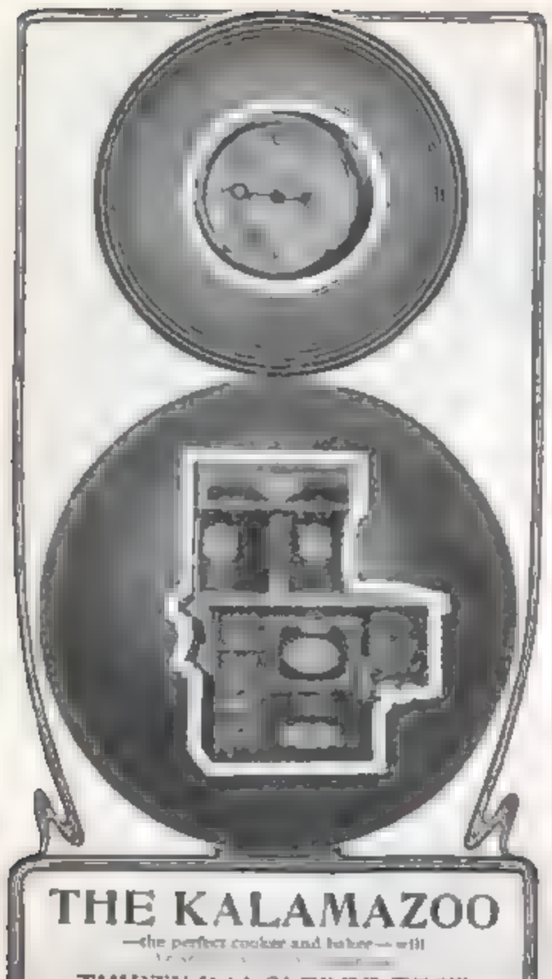

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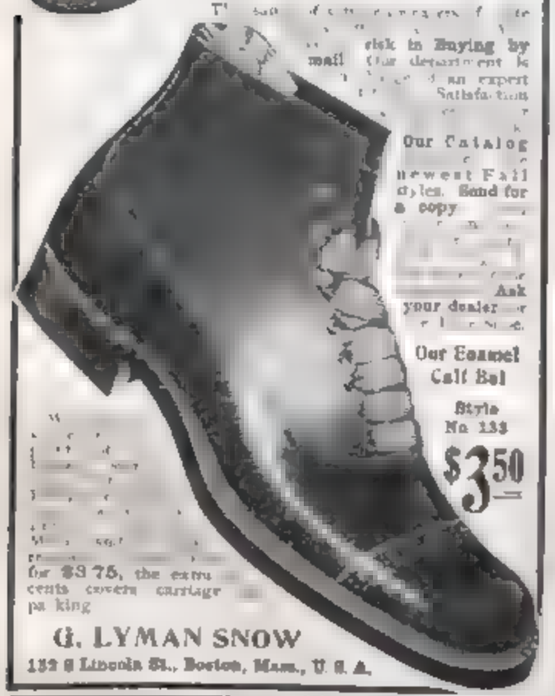

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helped almost more than anybody else to aggravate the growing feeling of discontent and fatigue with the Hotel Cecil I allude to Lord Hugh Cecil Lord Hugh Cecil is one of the most curious and interesting figures in the life of England to-day. He represents something of the kind of feeling which was represented by Gladstone when he was between twenty and thirty-five years of age Sometimes it is difficult to believe that this young man was born in the dying days of the nineteenth century—that century which ended in the destruction of so much of the religious faith and even of the secular millenniums which were the dreams of the Free Thought philosophers of the eighteenth century. Somehow or other, Lord Hugh Cecil seems to have strayed into the nineteenth century and into the House of Commons from a mediæval monastery. He is the representative of the Church of England par excellence

The ordinary Englishman really does not much care about religion in its dogmatic aspect one way or the other. He goes to church or to chapel; but he regards the difference between the different sects of Protestantism with lazy and sometimes with contemptuous indifference. Not so Lord Hugh Cecil; for he looks down upon Nonconformists as erring brethren who are guilty of heresy and schism, with the result that he has fought more tenaciously than almost any other member of the House of Commons in the Education Bill debates, which are at this moment throwing England into something like a religious war

Lord Hugh Cecil, the Rebel Orator

The physical man Cecil is like the spiritual and mental man. Tall, painfully thin, with a shambling walk, with a face that is not so much yellow as pallid and green pale, the poor boy looks like one of the starved young poets you might expect to find in a cabaret in Montmartre. And all his movements are those of a neuropath. His long, thin, pallid fingers shake so audibly that you can hear it across the floor of the House of Commons when he has a question to ask or is about to make a speech. A young monk worn out by fastings and prayers, a poet in search of a dinner, such is the impression you would get if you saw this son of one of England's oldest and most aristocratic houses without knowing who he was. And yet this young man, professing a very unpopular creed, this frail, emaciated, awkward body, without a particle of grace, twisting his hands when he speaks as though they were as boneless as those of some contortionist of a village fair, this young man has a power of speech such as no other man in the House of Commons can reach. He is the one man in that assembly where self-restraint in speech is the almost universal rule, he is the one man who dares to let himself go, and who adventures to those heights of religious sentiment or passionate emotion which most men would not even think of approaching

I have heard several perorations from him which if uttered in a pulpit might have driven some worldling from his money-bags into a monastery, or perhaps, like Charles V, from his throne, or sent a woman from her lover to the convent. And such is the power of fine oratory that the English House of Commons the least ideal of assemblies, the least critical the least emotional—the House of Commons, disagreeing from all the young man's opinions [illegible], has listened in spellbound silence to these perorations, and when they were finished has waked from an entranced silence as men might from a strange dream

But all the same, Lord Hugh Cecil is one of the causes that are visibly breaking down the present Ministry. There is at this moment in England a pretty strong current feeling against Ritualism. And this feeling is aggravated by the fact that the Ministers are pushing through the House of Commons a measure which is calculated to throw more power than ever into the hands of the parsons.

And Lord Hugh Cecil, by preaching in season and out of season the vehement clericulum of which he is the exponent, and by his relationship to Mr. Balfour, comes into fierce conflict with this strong Protestant sentiment, and turns it not only against a particular Parliamentary measure but also against the personality of the Prime Minister and that of the Government of which he is the head. It is curious that a young man about thirty years of age, with brilliant abilities, with high ideals, with extraordinary oratorical powers, should be the instrument which Destiny employs to help in the destruction of a Government the head of which is his first cousin, and which has one of his brothers and one of his brothers in law in important position.

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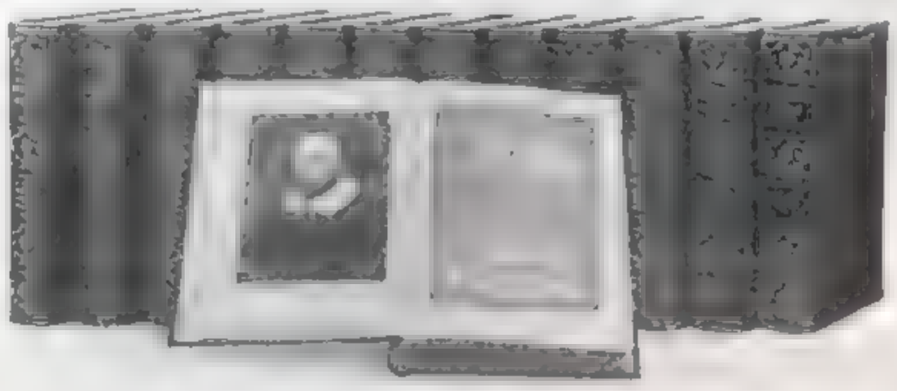

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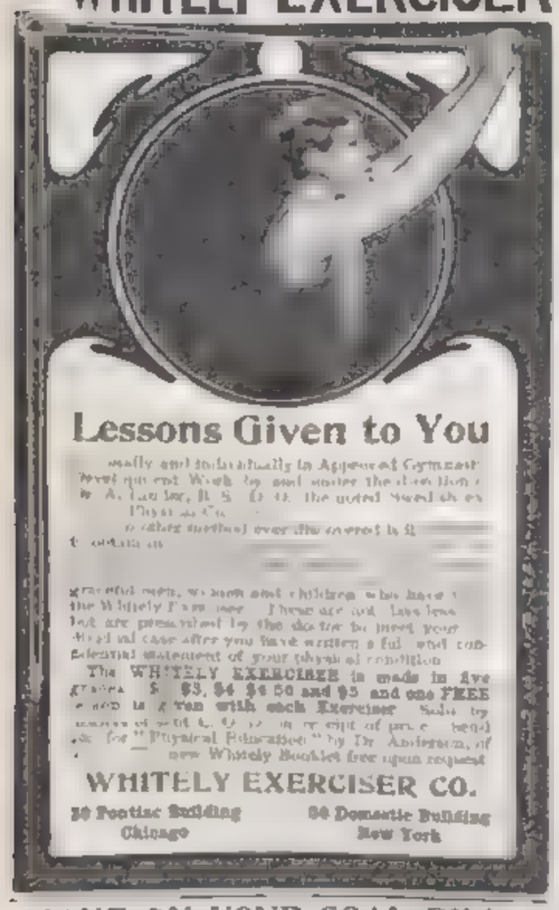

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

A Slippery Puzzle

Applications are frequently addressed to the United States Fish Commission for small quantities of eels' eggs, which are wanted for stocking ponds and streams. In every case the reply is a refusal, simply because the article demanded is not obtainable. Nobody ever saw an eel's egg, and even the experts do not know whether this species of fish lays eggs or not. For all that anybody can assert to the contrary, it may bring forth its young alive, as do some kinds of sharks.

It is one of the greatest puzzles that naturalists have ever tackled; for eels reproduce their kind in the sea, and never anywhere else. The shad and many other marine fishes leave the ocean at spawning-time and run up the rivers to lay their eggs, whereas the adult eels, which are ordinarily fresh-water creatures, descend the streams and seek the salt water for precisely the same purpose.

This is why nobody ever saw an eel's egg. Only a few years ago the famous German savant, Virchow, published an advertisement offering a reward for a female eel bearing spawn. It was copied into a multitude of newspapers, and, as a result, packages of eels were forwarded to the scientist's address from all over Europe. Considerable embarrassment was caused in this way, many of the consignments arriving in a decidedly unpleasant condition; but there was never so much as a single egg-bearing eel among all of the thousands received.

The presumption is that eels do lay eggs. It is certain that the young ones promptly make for the mouths of the rivers and ascend them. They proceed up the streams in veritable armies, and sometimes travel considerable distances over dry land in order to get around an obstruction. In spring and early summer hundreds of cartloads of them, literally, may be seen wriggling over the rocks and squirming about in the troubled waters at the foot of the Niagara cataract. Of course they cannot get over the falls, and so there are no eels in Lake Erie, except those which have been planted there.

The upper Great Lakes have been planted by the United States Fish Commission with eels in great quantities, and they thrive and grow apace, though with no means of getting to the sea. They do not breed under such circumstances, of course, but any landlocked body of water may be stocked with them to advantage notwithstanding, inasmuch as the young ones are obtainable in unlimited number at a very small price. They are useful as scavengers, and (though some people have a prejudice against them) they are one of the most delicious of fishes for eating.

For Reticent Letter-Writers

Individuals and firms often have reasons for not wishing their names to appear on letters sent out, yet without this arrangement there has been no provision for the return of the missive in the event of its failure to reach the person to whom it was addressed.

To provide for correspondence which is desired to be strictly private, an envelope has been designed which, if not delivered, may be returned to the writer by the receiving post office.

Over the sender's name and address and completely covering them on these new envelopes is fixed a gummed and perforated attachment, which is to bear the following instructions:

POSTMASTER
If not delivered in — days please open perforated section and find address. Otherwise not to be opened under penalty of law.

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Thus, if the letters reach the addressee, the name of the sender will be concealed from those handling the mail or from fellow-boarders or business associates of the recipient, while at the same time the feature of the "return to writer" envelope is not [illegible].

Some objection to the envelope is urged on the ground that it may help to screen and further the schemes of those using the mails for unlawful purposes.

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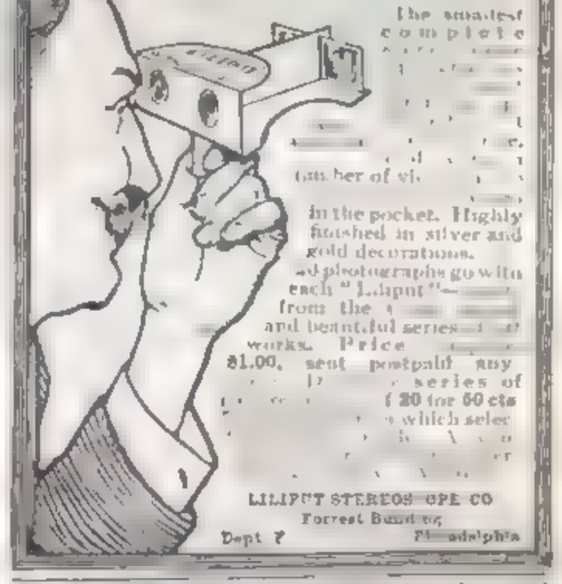

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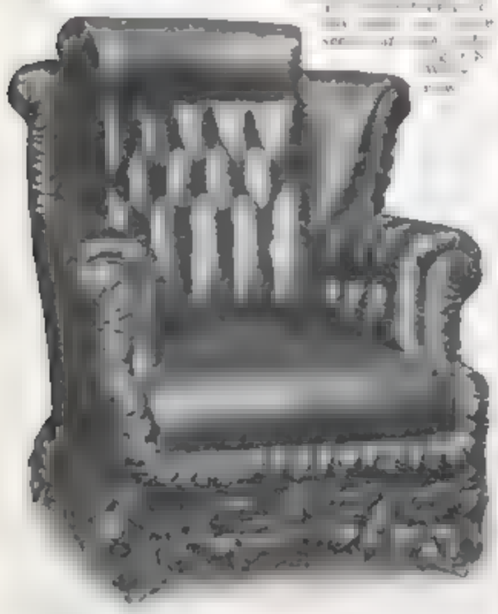

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The market for manuscript being a wide and growing one, writers pure and simple frequently find scriveners' cramp or at least "that tired feeling" overtaking the hand and wrist. Such will hail with delight a device which has just been patented designed to be placed upon the wrist or forearm for the purpose of facilitating the movements of the muscles overtaxed in writing.

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These bricks will soon be on the market in large quantities from California, experiments in their manufacture having attained final success. They are made by boiling down the fruit pulp to a sugar until the desired consistency is reached, when the mixture is poured into pans and permitted to dry slowly for ten hours, being eventually cut into suitable pieces and wrapped in the manner described. They will keep in perfectly good condition for years.

Old time housewives used to make plum or cherry "cheeses," as they called them—the art, alas! seems to have vanished—which were so stiff that fanciful forms could be stamped out of them with a pastry-cutter. This delectable quality of stiffness, as well as the absence of stickiness, was attributable to the boiling, which was brought to exactly a certain point (after putting the fruit through sieves) in order to turn the sugar to candy.

It is the same principle that is used in the manufacture of the fruit bricks, which, when they are to be used, are soaked preliminarily in warm water for an hour. They are said to be almost like the fresh fruit when, [illegible] utilized for pastry and other desserts, and their cost is moderate. Before long it won't be [illegible] they will be for sale in all the grocery stores.

The production of fruit pulps in other shapes has already become enormous in this country, most of them being put up in cans for the flavoring of ices and soda-water. One can buy in this form apricot pulp, peach pulp, apple pulp, pineapple pulp, quince pulp, and various others. Strawberry pulp we are exporting in large quantities to Europe.

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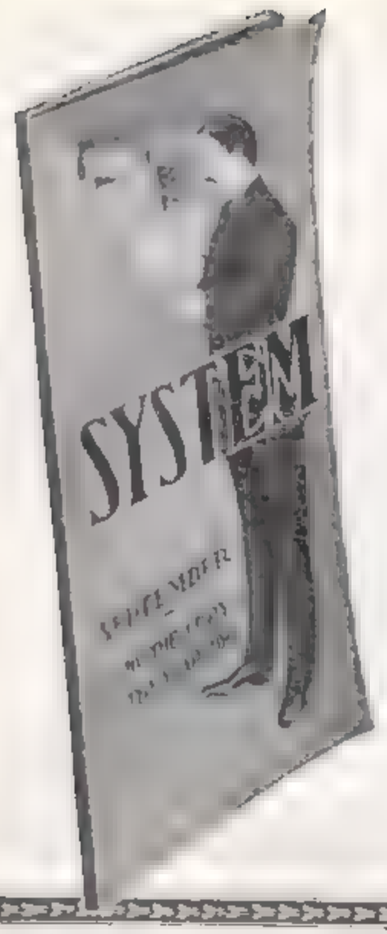

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Between the Lines

TWO new editions of Poe are announced simultaneously, and this somewhat surprising circumstance recalls the fact that there is still with us one contributor, or would-be contributor, to the Broadway Journal, edited by Poe in 1845, Richard Henry Stoddard. One of the new editions now appearing has been prepared by Professor Richardson, of Dartmouth, and is illustrated by an artist, Mr. F. S. Coburn, who is claimed "to have succeeded more nearly than any other artist in interpreting the weird imaginings of the author." This is not a light contention. Its justice will probably be a matter of individual opinion. When Elihu Vedder illustrated the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, his pictorial accompaniments made an impression through their seriousness and imaginative quality, but as to their purely illustrative quality there arose a discussion which has remained unsettled

Another edition of Poe, edited by Professor James A. Harrison, of the University of Virginia *(Crowell)*, has behind it the evidently well-founded claim of a vast amount of original research among the Poe materials and also the inclusion of Poe's correspondence. How interesting and curious the Poe material is may be shown by a single example. In one of the New York clubs there is a room which contains the library of a deceased member bequeathed to the club. In that library is Poe's own copy of The Raven and other Poems, corrected and annotated by Poe himself. No less than thirty-seven changes were pencilled by the poet on the margin of The Raven. The volume, bound in dark cloth, almost shabby in exterior, the paper slightly yellow with age, and the pages here and there loosened with handling, is one of the most interesting of American literary memorabilia. On the flyleaf is the name of Griswold, Poe's unfortunate biographer. The poet's corrections for The Raven are for the most part in punctuation, with a few changes in capitalization. In the fifth stanza "darkness" has been changed to "stillness"; in the seventh, "an instant" has been made to read "a minute," and in another verse "angels" has been changed to "seraphim." The same volume contains the famous Gold-bug, and here Poe discovered and corrected a curious error. The original directions in the cipher of the manuscript read: "A good glass in the Bishop's hostel, in the Devil's seat—forty one degrees and thirty minutes."

Now, the Devil's seat was on a hill and an angle of forty-one degrees would have intersected the heavens, but not the top of the tree which figures in the tale. This occurred to Poe in re-reading the story, and one finds a pencil drawn through the forty-one and twenty substituted.

The almost simultaneous appearance of two new editions becomes the more remarkable in view of the publication within a few years of the edition edited by E. C. Stedman and Professor G. E. Woodbury, which was announced at the time as definitive. So far as literary and æsthetic considerations were concerned, the edition had much to commend it, but the editor whose keenest pleasure is in chronological evolution and comprehensive bibliographical work could find chances for criticism

The Camera in Letters

Evidently the power of the "seeing eye" and of clear-cut mental as well as visual impressions is shared by some photographers as well as painters. The painter in letters is a familiar figure. There is the notable literary work of John LaFarge; to take a recent example, the vivid pen-pictures of Frederic Remington, the literary successes of F. Hopkinson Smith, and, to continue instances close at hand, there is the literary triumph of the late George Du Maurier. It would be easy to multiply names of artist-writers, but the literary photographer has had less credit.

Keen observation and power of description might very well be credited to the photographer, but these are far from being the preeminent qualities in the work of a remarkable new writer, Charles Marriott, whose new novel, Love with Honor, is to be published shortly. No one who read the strangely imaginative, neo-Pagan romance, The Column, which marked the appearance of a new talent, would have associated its curious psychological analysis with a photographer's hand, but it appears that after the author's education in Bristol, England, and in a London art school, he adopted photography as a profession, although at present the pen plays a larger

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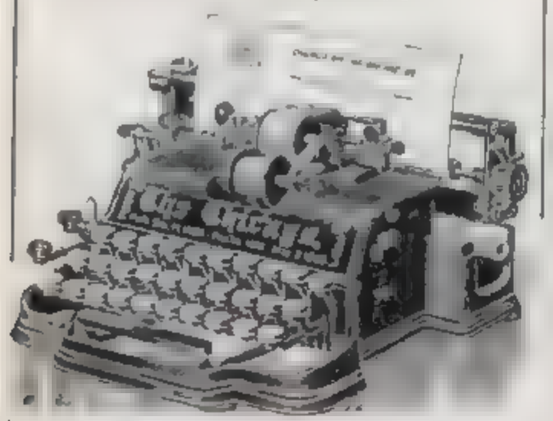

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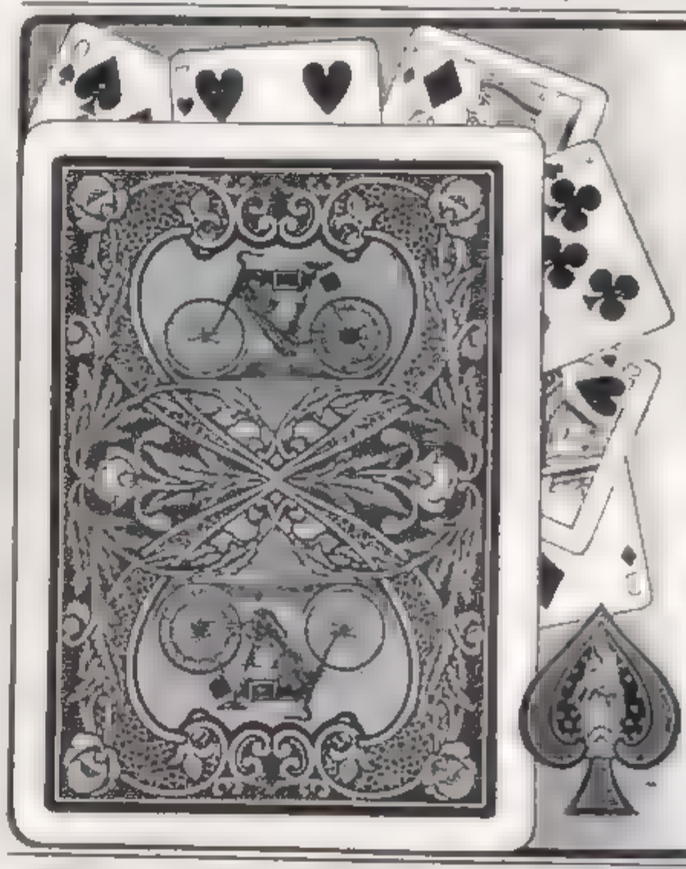

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part than the camera in the life of his little cottage by the sea at Cornwall.

In the case of our own Nature photographers like Messrs. Dugmore and Brownell, the expository text follows naturally. Mr. Hemment, who is a photographer of war and sport, and of contemporary happenings of moment, took his camera under fire in the Cuban War and secured at Santiago literary as well as pictorial reminiscences which he embodied in a readable book. In the case of Mr. C. C. Hotchkiss, the profession of photography is certainly at a distance from his themes, since his novels have been tales of the Revolution. But the power of vivid vision is apparent in his descriptions.

The Runaway Road to Fame

The obituaries of Emile Zola and the mounting fame of the Russian novelist, Maxim Gorki, suggest a certain reserve in selecting "successful lives" as models for aspiring youth. Zola was driven to his studies, save composition, with the utmost difficulty, and failed in his examinations for admission to the university. At fifteen Gorki ran away from home. His life for ten years was almost that of a tramp. He worked as day laborer, cook, sawyer and lighterman. Thus far his career was hardly a model, but it should be added that hearing of a chance to obtain a fine education at Kazan he walked six hundred miles to gain the opportunity, which he utilized to the full. On the whole, however, a runaway career is unlikely to be chosen by parent or teacher for the emulation of youth.

The success of Gorki warrants a moment's idle speculation as to the possibility of another Russian revival. Years ago Mr. Howells preached the gospel of Tolstoi to willing ears, and presently Turgeneff was re-read, and Gogol and Dostoyefsky were talked of out of more or less knowledge, and the cold realism of Russian fiction became a shibboleth. Tolstoi has remained with us despite deliverances unacceptable to Anglo-Saxon readers, but the Russian cult as a cult has waned. Less is heard, too, of the warring translators. Some of their versions, it may be suspected without overshrewdness, came from the French, but their claims were recusant as to translations directly from the Russian, and authorized editions and special supervision and all the rest. Perhaps the Russian is to the fore again and we are destined to a season of vodka instead of the tea or beer of England or the ruddy wine of France. But meantime there have been changes. The American writer holds ground far more advanced and holds it far more firmly than in the former shiftings of literary currents.

A Tale of the Iroquois

The bloody trail of the Iroquois has been followed through New York State by many novelists, from Cooper to Mr. Robert W. Chambers, whose Maid-at-Arms *(Harper & Brothers)* challenges the waning interest in historical fiction. Like Cooper, Mr. Chambers has the advantage of dwelling among the scenes of his tale, and Broadalbin, his summer home, figures in this story of the old Palatine. Dorothy Varick, a Diana Vernon of the Patroon dynasty, is the maid-at-arms, and the patriot hero, her cousin, George Osmond, of the South, is contrasted with the sinister Walter Butler, Sir John Johnson, employer of the red men in nameless atrocities, and others of the Tories who guided the Iroquois' knives against their neighbors. From another page of history the writer draws General Schuyler and Benedict Arnold, and there is the scout, reminiscent of Cooper's Spy. Mr. Chambers' dramatic training has taught him the value of climaxes, and the reader is led from the pastoral, the explanatory and the incidental to the secret orgies of the Iroquois and Herkimer's tragic fight at Oriskany. Picturesqueness, mystery and tragedy have been blended in a readable romance which shows distinct imaginative quality.

A New Newspaper Critic

Mr. Henry B. Fuller has long shared with his friend Mr. Hamlin Garland the distinction of being among the few Western novelists who have not "done time" in a newspaper office. At last, however, he has capitulated to the entreaties of the Chicago Evening Post, under its new management, and is attached to that conservative journal in the capacity of chief literary editor. That he may find this dignified position a congenial one is the hope and expectation of the public, which believes that the standard of literary criticism in Chicago will be distinctly strengthened by Mr. Fuller's new departure. —*J. W.*

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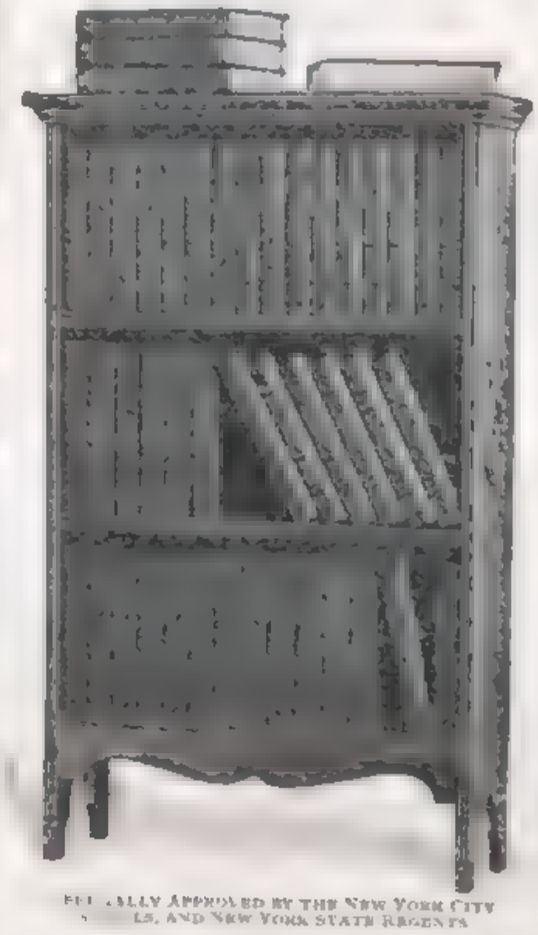

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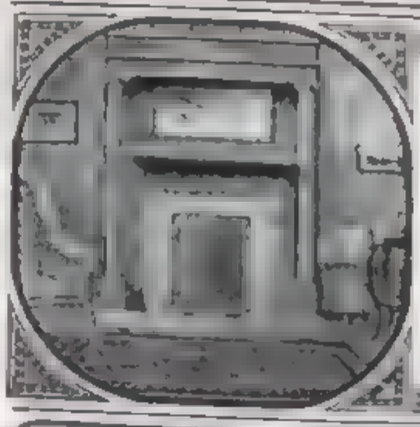

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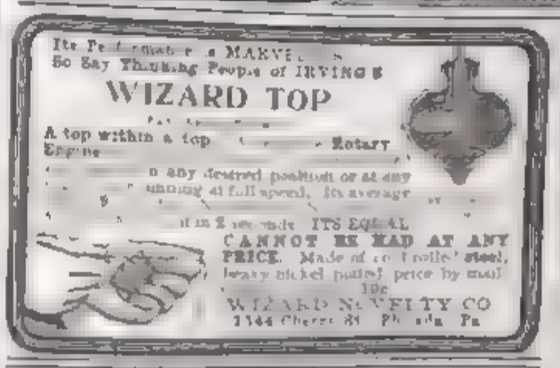

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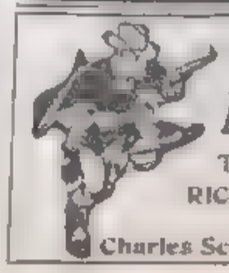

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LETTERS FROM AN AUTHOR

By Hayden Carruth

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Dear Sirs, Yours of the 12th is received I regret to inform you that your suggestion that I send you personal facts concerning myself, and photographs, for use in forwarding the sales of my book which you are bringing out, The Merry Court of Cromwell the Protector, is very distasteful to me. I do not care to be dragged into the newspapers However, since you say it is customary and necessary I will comply with a few general facts which, after all, perhaps the public has a right to know. I must positively decline to send photograph

You will find a slight biographical notice of me in the reference book, Whoo-Whoo in America, beyond that I will say that I was born on a Wednesday, and began to write when I was eight years old. My mother was directly descended from Peter Bilfinger, one of the Mayflower pilgrims. On my father's side I am connected with the well known Virginia family of Skinnerbob, descended from Lord Skinnerbob, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth. My wife is the daughter of Judge Yonner, of Yonnerhurst, Yunkville. She is one of the few descendants in this country of Anneke Jans. We have three children. This is all I can give you

Yours truly,
JAMES BOOKSTAVER GRUBB.

P. S. On second thought I inclose a photograph. An artist friend tells me that it would make a very good half tone, but I distinctly forbid your using it for advertising purposes in any way. I simply send it thinking you might like to have one in your desk. J. B. G

II

Dear Sirs: In regard to furnishing you material concerning myself, about which you write, I must emphatically decline. I am quite well aware that other authors do it, but I do not see why I should follow their example. What do you think my feelings would be should I see in the newspapers that I arise at five o clock every morning, and after a cup of coffee and a French roll, work till ten o'clock and then go out for a walk, and spend the afternoon in historical research and after a dinner at six, which always includes roast chicken, pass my evening with friends and retire at ten, after fifteen minutes with the dumbbells? No, I must ask to be excused from this sort of thing. I will say privately (not for publication, of course) that I always write with purple ink on light cream paper. I usually dress in some shade of gray, often with fine stripe trousers. You ask concerning the color of my wife's hair; it is dark brown, and long and wavy. By the way, I notice in the paragraph which you have sent out to the press that you strangely neglect to mention her descent from Anneke Jans. You should use greater care. It seems to me, too, that my picture in The Bookshover comes out very poorly. Please ask them to touch up the high-lights with the graver before they run it again. Yours truly,

JAMES BOOKSTAVER GRUBB

P. S. Perhaps you will be interested in glancing at the inclosed photograph of myself taken when I was fifteen. Also those of my wife and children. If you let any of these get into the hands of a newspaper [illegible] I shall consider it a grave breach of confidence J. B. G.

III

Dear Sirs: So you want readable little anecdotes of me, do you? Really, this is going too far. Since you feel a personal interest, however, I will send you one, with the distinct understanding that it is not to be given out. At a dinner party the other evening I met Mrs. Bayou, of the well-known old Creole family. Conundrums coming up I said to her suddenly: "My dear Mrs. Bayou, why are you like a hinge?" "Really, Mr Grubb," said she, "I shall have to give it up." "Because you are something to adore," I said quietly. There was a roar of laughter around the table and the lady blushed in some confusion

By the way, I see all the papers are saying that I use black ink. I detest it. I told you distinctly that I always use purple ink. Please see that correction is made without delay. I should like to inquire, too, why The Dry-goods

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Yours truly,
JAMES BOOKSTAVER GRUBB.

P. S. I inclose a daguerreotype of my grandmother. Perhaps you are interested in old portraits. Of course you will keep it under lock and key. J. B. G.

IV

Dear Sirs: What does this mean? While in the city to-day I noticed in the elevated trains that the cards advertising my book do not give my name. I shall put the matter in the hands of my lawyer if this is not remedied immediately. And if The Sunday Hue-and-Cry wouldn't give that portrait of my grandmother a better place why did you let them have it at all? And I have not seen my wife's picture in a dozen papers yet, and the anecdote about Mrs. Bayou is not being pushed. Pardon the faultfinding tone of this letter, but though I detest seeing these things done, if they must be done I want them done well. Let me suggest that you get out 50,000 circulars reprinting that good notice of me by the Weekly Firecracker. By the way, I inclose some little anecdotes of my school-days. I do not care to have them sent out to the press, however. A man must have some privacy. Yours truly,
JAMES BOOKSTAVER GRUBB.

P. S. Is not your suggestion of three-sheet posters for the bill-boards of that side-view with my book in one hand going rather too far? I fear so. Please do not do it. If my book cannot sell on its merits I prefer to have it remain on your shelves. J. B. G.

V

Dear Sirs: It seems impossible for me to have any privacy. I wrote you in the strictest confidence about my having to discharge my typewriter on my wife's demand, and now I see it in all the papers. I suppose it would be the same way with the trouble with my gardener, so I have determined not to say a word about it. You see I discharged the fellow for drunkenness and he attacked me with an iron rake. I beat him off with a golf club, however, and he is in the village lockup. Let me congratulate you on the enterprise of your bill-posters. They got here at the same time as the stickers for Spottedhorse's Circus, but your men got my portrait on all the best boards. I also like the painting of me which you have put on the cliffs near the railroad below Little Falls. But you are premature with the newspaper item saying that my daughter has eloped. She is not ten years old yet. However, it may help sales. Of course you will deny it, since that will make another paragraph. Do you think it would help to threaten libel suits?

I see an absurd discussion in the papers concerning the color of my eyes. It is the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of. Since it has come up, however, it had best be set right. Please send out a general notice that they are of an undecided tint, in some lights appearing gray, in others blue, and in still others hazel. This will stop the controversy, I fancy. Yours truly,
JAMES BOOKSTAVER GRUBB.

P. S. I inclose the letters I wrote my wife during our courtship. I thought you might like to see them. It would be very embarrassing if extracts from them got into the papers; so be very careful. J. B. G.

VI

Dear Sirs: Unless you can do as well by me as other publishers do by their authors I must terminate further business relations with you. I was in the city again to-day and in walking down Broadway saw only ten sandwich men advertising my book, and four of these did not have my portrait displayed. I counted twenty-four of Pott's book and thirty-two of Mrs. Bascom's. This is no way to treat me. I am done with you. I shall place my next book in the hands of the Pelée Publishing Company. Yours truly,
JAMES BOOKSTAVER GRUBB.

P. S. The rain has washed all the color out of those posters. You used cheap ink, when my contract called for the best. I had planned getting my leg broken to-day in a runaway, to help sales, but I shall do nothing of the sort now. You are frauds. You are helping to crush American literature. Shame on you! Yours truly,
JAMES BOOKSTAVER GRUBB.

IF YOU WANT TO FEEL A DELIGHTFUL SATISFACTION

every time you shave, you owe it to yourself to be fully informed about the excellence and smooth cutting quality of our "Masterpiece Razor," which we sell in pairs for $5.00, or a single razor for $2.50, ready to put on the face.

Our "Masterpiece Razor" not only bears a *good name* but is what its name implies; therefore, the more you know about "Masterpiece Razors" the better for you, the better for us, the better for everybody. *If you are not a judge of razors you must trust the maker.* Here is where reputation comes in. Razors have been our specialty since 1819.

We Sell Razors Exclusively

We make them; we grind them; we hone them; put them in shaving order, ready for the face. We use the best material money can buy. Every man in our employ is an artist in his line. The work comes as near perfection as human ingenuity can make it.

We have no agents. We sell direct to consumer. We deliver free. We warrant every razor to be precisely what we say it is, and have but one price.

Send for our pamphlet, "All About Good Razors." It's free

C. KLAUBERG & BROS., 171 William Street, New York

Uniform Temperature Always

It makes no difference whether you have furnace, steam or hot water apparatus; or whether it is new or old. All you need is the

MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR

On market twenty-two years. As simple and no more expensive than a good clock. Sent on 30 days' FREE TRIAL; if not satisfactory, return at our expense. Free booklet. Write to-day.

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1st Ave. and P. St. Minneapolis, Minn.

DO NOT STAMMER

Rev. Russell H. Conwell, D.D., Hon. Robt. E. Pattison, ex-Gov. Pennsylvania, Hon. John Wanamaker, ex-Postmaster-General, Philada., Prof. Wm. H. Brewer, Yale University, and Rev. J. L. Withrow, D.D., Boston, Mass., heartily endorse the Philada. Institute — the Pioneer Stammering School. 16 YEARS OF UNPARALLELED SUCCESS. Hundreds of cured pupils. Illustrated 80-page book free. EDWIN S. JOHNSTON, Pres't and Founder, who cured himself after stammering 40 years. 1031, 1043 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

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WHY doesn't Jones get down to business methods and buy an **American Typewriter** for $10? Does he think I am running a puzzle department?

The American $10 Typewriter

is as well made as the highest-priced machines, but more simple. It has stood the test; ten years without a competitor. *Catalogue and sample of work free.*

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Old Ostrich Feathers Made New

BY THE ADDITION OF NEW TOPS

A specialty made of dyeing, cleansing and curling Ostrich Feathers. Send for our catalogue and price list, and learn how easily and quickly all such work can be done, no matter in what part of the United States you may reside.

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ARE SAFE.

NO POISON

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FRENCH CALENDARS, with quotations from best Authors, 1903. Price 40c., 50c., 60c., 75c., $1.00, $1.25, postpaid. Send for catalogue of French books. W. R. JENKINS, 851-853 Sixth Ave., N. Y.

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The Auto-Sparker

does away entirely with all starting and running batteries, their annoyance and expense. No belt—no switch—no batteries. Can be attached to any engine now using batteries. Fully guaranteed; write for descriptive catalog.

MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO.
15 Main Street Pendleton, Ind.

TORREY'S

A Torrey Strop which rolls up like a window shade, in a metal case, so that the strop does not dry out or collect dust, but keeps clean and soft. Always ready for use. Never in the way. Handy for both home and traveling.

PULLMAN RAZOR STROP

STYLES—No. A. Enameled Case, Single Leather, price 50c. No. B. Engraved Aluminum Case, Single Leather, price $1. No. D. Engraved Aluminum Case, Canvas and Leather, price $1.50. No. S. Sterling Silver Case, Ebony Ends, Canvas and Leather, finest quality, price $5.

Sent postpaid if your dealer cannot supply you. Valuable book on keeping a razor in order, and catalogue of Torrey Strops, sent free.

J. R. TORREY & COMPANY, P. O. Box 35, Worcester, Mass.

A Daisy or Sentinel AIR RIFLE

"DAISY" OR "SENTINEL" is stamped on the stock of the finest AIR RIFLES on the market. Simply a matter of choice between the two, as either style represents the best that skilled labor and accurate machinery can produce. They shoot as straight as any gun made, and are entirely free from danger, smoke and noise. With a little practice any boy can become a crack shot. The possession of a good gun helps to make a boy manly and affords him amusement of an innocent and practical kind. Our rifles have walnut stocks, handsome nickeled steel barrels, improved sights and interchangeable parts. If your dealer will not sell you a "Daisy" or "Sentinel," send us his name and we will send any style from factory, charges prepaid, upon receipt of price.

No. 1—Daisy Repeater, shoots BB shot 48 times, - - $1.35
No. 2—20th Century Daisy, shoots either shot or darts, $1.00
No. 4—Sentinel Single Shot, either shot or darts, - - $1.00
No. 5—Sentinel Repeater, automatic, 303 Shot, - - - $1.25
Darts, assorted colors, per dozen, prepaid, - - - - 35 cents

Daisy button and illustrated booklet free.

THE DAISY MFG. CO. Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.

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Where roses grow outdoors at Christmas time, and there is always perfect weather.

The luxurious **California Limited** will take you there in 2¼ days from Chicago.

Finest dining-car service in the world. All you could ask for in comfort, speed and scenery. Seventh season—new equipment.

Hotel accommodations at principal resorts better than ever before.

All about the California tour in our descriptive books, mailed for 10c. in stamps. Address General Passenger Office, A. T. & S. F. R'y, Chicago.

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A Xmas Present

The numbers 3-4-5 Cartridge and Plate

KODAKS

and the number 3 F. P. K. are now kept in stock fitted with the celebrated ∴ ∴

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We supply either the **Universal Series III. Lenses** (F 6⁸ also perfect for wide angles when used on larger cameras) or the **New Series I^c Lenses**, which are 179% faster, but cannot be used for wide angle views.

Full particulars and prices free on application to all Kodak dealers.

Lovely's Military Dip Waltz

The latest society dance. Original music with military features. Can be used for any Waltz. Music 25c.; with description, 50c.

THE SPRINGFIELD MUSIC CO., Springfield, Mass.

THE PIT

(Continued from Page 7)

"Toreador . . . horse-power . . . Madame Calvé . . . electric motor . . . fine song . . . storage battery."

The "movement" thinned out and dwindled to a strain of delicate lightness, sustained by the smallest pipes and developing a new motive; this was twice repeated, and then ran down to a series of chords and bars that prepared for and prefigured some great effect close at hand. There was a short pause, then with the sudden releasing of a tremendous rush of sound, back surged the melody, with redoubled volume and power, to the original movement.

"That's bully, bully!" shouted Gretry, clapping his hands, and, his eye caught by a movement on the other side of the room, he turned about to see Laura Jadwin standing between the opened curtains at the entrance.

Seen thus unexpectedly, the broker was again overwhelmed with the sense of the beauty of Curtis Jadwin's wife. Laura was in evening dress, black lace almost completely covered with spangles of black jet; her arms and neck were bare. Her black hair was piled high upon her head, a single American beauty rose nodded against her bare shoulder. She was even yet slim and very tall, her face pale with that unusual paleness of hers that was yet a color. Around her slender neck was a marvelous collar of pearls many strands deep, set off and held in place by diamond clasps. It gleamed and glittered as she came forward, while from her breast to her foot the jet spangles caught the reflection of the lights, and sent undulations and ripples of light the entire length of her slender figure.

With Laura came Mrs. Gretry and Page. The broker's wife was a vivacious, small, rather pretty blond woman, a little angular, a little faded. She was garrulous, witty, slangy. She wore turquoises in her ears morning, noon and night.

But three years had made a vast difference in Page Dearborn. All at once she was a young woman. Her straight, hard, little figure had developed, her arms were rounded, her eyes were calmer. She had grown taller, broader. Her former exquisite beauty was perhaps not quite so delicate, so fine, so virginal, so charmingly angular and boyish. There was infinitely more of the woman in it; and perhaps because of this she looked more like Laura than at any time of her life before. But even yet her expression was one of gravity, of seriousness. There was always a certain aloofness about Page. She looked out at the world solemnly, and as if separated from its lighter side. Things humorous interested her only as inexplicable vagaries of the human animal.

"We heard the organ," said Laura, "so we came in. I wanted Mrs. Gretry to listen to it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Heroic Cure

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL has the reputation among his patients of being somewhat dictatorial in his way of giving advice. He certainly expects his commands to be followed with unquestioning obedience.

Some years ago Doctor Mitchell had among his patients a lady who had been suffering for a long time from nervous prostration. She was greatly debilitated by disease and was too weak to rouse herself to any physical effort. Doctor Mitchell's first advice was: "Get out in the fresh air. Take a walk."

The doctor's medicines were taken faithfully, but his advice was ignored. Again and again was his advice given, and just as often it fell on unheeding ears. Finally the doctor one day invited the invalid to drive with him, and after much persuasion she was assisted into the carriage, and doctor and patient drove off together. The horses were turned down a side street where there were no street cars, and after two or three blocks had been passed the carriage stopped, the doctor jumped out and invited the lady to descend, and before she could inquire as to the reason for this, the doctor had jumped into his carriage and driven off, leaving the invalid standing on the sidewalk. She must perforce walk home.

The friends of Doctor Mitchell who tell the story do not say whether the patient's subsequent improvement in health was such as to compel her forgiveness for this high-handed treatment from the brusque old doctor, but it is safe to assume that her state of mind at the time was anything but amiable.

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Woolen Underwear has Seen its Best Days

BELFAST MESH has real absorbent properties; takes up excretions and moisture quickly and evaporates them rapidly. It may be boiled any number of times. It cannot shrink. When it has become wet, it dries quickly, and body is surrounded by dry fabric and dry air.

OUR FREE BOOK is handsome and convincing. It explodes the "wool for warmth" theory. It is designed for **thinking** people. **BELFAST MESH** is sold by all dealers or direct by mail if desired.

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from **Fire, Water,** thieves and curious intruders. As an advertisement of our large and popular line of **Fire** and **Water** proof vaults, we will ship

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to any point in the United States east of the Mississippi and north of the Tennessee river, **Freight Paid** (freight allowance to points beyond), at the remarkably low price of $8. Built of heavy steel plate with extra heavy iron frame work, handsomely finished, nickel trimmed. Inside size, 18½ x 6½ x 5½; weight about 75 lbs.; combination screw four tumbler lock. Guaranteed the only absolutely **Fire** and **Water** proof vault on the market. (Your name furnished on in gold for 50 cents extra.) Thousands the world over now using these vaults in place of a rented safe deposit box. We will refund your money **and pay freight both ways,** if this isn't the strongest, most durable, handsomely finished vault made and the greatest bargain you ever saw.

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For Breakfast

WHEATLET

"All the Wheat Except the Bran"

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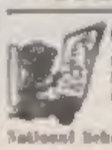

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Finely bound in cloth. Illustrated with 54 full-page half-tones from life, and every move minutely described. A few moments expended each day will accomplish wonders if instructions are followed. If ailing, you will become not only well but strong. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

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Wholesome, Inspiring Stories
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For All the Young People in the Family

TRY AN IDEAL

J. W. Miller's incubator—made by the man who knows. It is really self-regulating.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We get no money until you are perfectly satisfied. Poultry Book Free.

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(Poultry supplies and thoroughbred fowls)

A Christmas Gift which comes Fifty-Two Times

MILLIONS of people are wondering what to get as Christmas remembrances for relatives and friends. Most of them are looking for gifts which will be really appreciated and enjoyed, but which can be bought without too great an outlay. Can you think of a present which, at an expense of $1.00, will give more pleasure than a year's subscription to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Such a gift only starts on Christmas Day—it continues for a whole year. It comes to your friend fifty-two times as a pleasant reminder of your kindness.

To make the remembrance still more acceptable, we have arranged a peculiarly graceful way of announcing it. A dainty four-page card, of appropriate design, printed in colors, will be sent to any person for whom a subscription is ordered as a Christmas present. On the third page of this card is "A Christmas Greeting," in which it is stated that we have been instructed by (the name of the donor being written on the card) to enter the subscription and to send it each week for the ensuing year.

Do not forget to give your own name as well as the name and address of the friend who is to receive the subscription, and to state it is intended as a Christmas gift. We will mail both the card and the first copy so as to be received on Christmas morning. Send in your orders as early as possible, then there will be no possibility of delay in entering because of the Holiday rush of orders.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Boys' Names Wanted

THE STAR MONTHLY wants names and addresses of bright boys between 12 and 20 years of age. We want to get them interested in our beautiful illustrated magazine of boys' stories, which has a circulation of 150,000 copies monthly, although only 9 years old. It contains fine stories and handsome illustrations as well as departments of Amateur Photography, Philately, Numismatics, Coins, Puzzles, Natural Science, Mythology, Physical Culture, etc., and each month awards a large number of valuable prizes to subscribers. The subscription price is 50 cents, but, *if you are not* already a subscriber and will send us five boys' names and addresses plainly written, and five 2-cent stamps, or 10 cents in silver, we will enter you as a subscriber fully paid for six months in advance. Address

The STAR MONTHLY, Oak Park, Ills.

THIS HANDSOME **DRESSED DOLL** CHAIR AND **DOLL'S FOOD** WITHOUT MONEY

Girls send us your name and address and we will mail you **20 pieces of Art Jewelry** to sell at only **10 cents** each. No trash. Every one you offer it to will buy one or more pieces. When sold send us the **$2.00** and we will send you at once, by express, this

Handsome Dressed Doll

Nearly one and one-half feet in height, imported directly from Europe for us. This doll has a beautiful bisque head, blue eyes, pearly teeth, long natural golden curly ringlets, hat, dainty shoes and stockings that can be taken off, lace trimmed underwear, elegantly and stylishly dressed. A magnificent creature of doll-dom, sweet and pretty as a picture, and will be a source of endless pleasure and amusement to the little ones.

This illustration is very much smaller than the doll and chair, but it gives an absolutely correct idea of how they look. It is from a photograph just taken and shows the doll all dressed just as we give it and the reclining chair, both of which we give **FREE**. A drawing could be made so as to look better than the doll itself, but this is direct from the photograph, and

Photographs Tell the Truth

Understand this is no printed cloth or rag doll that has to be made up and stuffed, or a cheap paper doll, such as some concerns give, but a real Dressed Beauty Doll. With doll we also send this handsome Doll's Chair, as illustrated in this advertisement, and which we are confident will please you. In addition we will also give you **entirely free** and send in the same shipment with the Doll and Chair, **eight pieces of Indestructible Doll's Food**: it comes assorted on Imitation China plates two inches in diameter, and we send the following assortment: one plate each of Roast Chicken, Cold Ham, Lobster, Blue Fish, Pickles, Plum Pudding, Grapes and Oranges. The food is colored perfectly natural and we know it will delight you. It is something entirely new and novel and will be wanted by all your playmates as soon as they see it.

Our Patrons are Extremely Well Pleased With Our Premiums, As the Following Letters Show

Lola B. Mills, Rochester, N. Y., writes: "Doll received this P. M. all right. I think it is lovely. Well paid me for my work."

Mrs. F. Cossin, Jacoby, La., writes: "Doll received and we are more than delighted with it. It nicely surprised my little girl and she is delighted."

Mrs. Charles Gray, Palmer Point, Ill., writes: "Received doll all right yesterday. It was all right; many thanks."

Rosa Fehrenbach, East Bottoms, Mo., writes: "Received my doll from you and was very much pleased with it. I thank you."

Mrs. J. W. Hallard, Easton, Pa., writes: "Received doll for selling goods and was very much pleased with it. Will answer any question any one may ask concerning it."

Lulie Richmond, Harrisburgh, Pa., writes: "I received my doll and was very much pleased with it."

Katie Livingstone, Yulan, N. Y., writes: "I received the doll Friday all right and it was just as nice as I expected. Thank you kindly for sending it so promptly."

Miss G. E. Folger, North Foxboro, Mass., writes: "The doll received O. K., and was very much pleased with it. It was perfectly satisfactory and I must thank you for your kindness."

Mary Welch, Millis, Mass., writes: "I am very much pleased with my doll. My mother would like to know how much you would sell a doll for without selling any goods."

Francis Colston, Wakefield, R. I., writes: "I received my doll in due time and am very much pleased with her. She is beautiful."

Elizabeth Hill, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I received the doll with great pleasure and it is very nice. Many thanks for promptness in sending it."

$100 REWARD is hereby offered to any person who can prove that our Testimonial letters are not Genuine. We have thousands of similar letters on file. Write to-day. Address,

STANDARD DOLL CO., P. O. Box 5308 Dept. 82 **Boston, Mass.**

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A. J. HOLMAN & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Handy Self-Pronouncing Vest-Pocket Edition. 5,000 Subjects. Smith's Revised Edition. 8 vo. size. Very Popular

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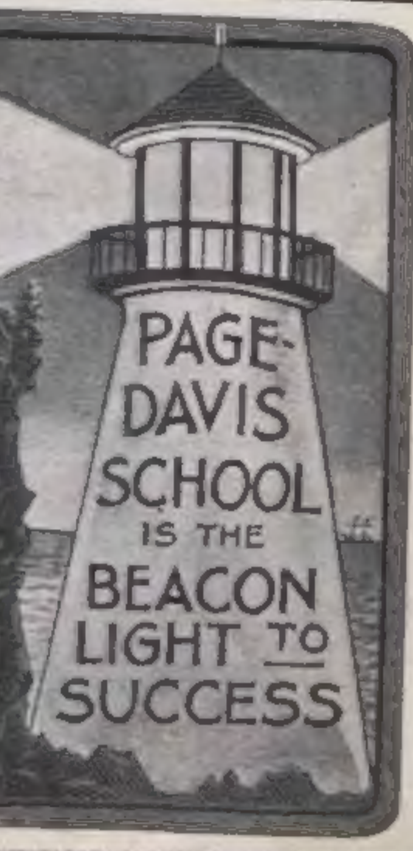

IN THE EAST

Rutland student
now earning - $25 per week
Providence student
now earning - $30 per week
Jersey City student
now earning - $30 per week
New York student
now earning $125 per week
Philadelphia student
now earning - $35 per week
Cleveland student
now earning - $80 per week
Brooklyn student
now earning - $45 per week
Fort Worth student
now earning - $35 per week
Pittsburg student
now earning - $28 per week
Dayton student
now earning - $25 per week
Ontario, Can., student
now earning - $25 per week

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It is universally acknowledged that advertising is the life of the business world of to-day. In these days of keen competition and active rivalry you cannot afford to be handicapped in the race for success. Granted that nature has endowed you with common-sense and ambition to make something of yourself, still your efforts will be fruitless unless you learn the vital principles of modern business. The study of advertisement writing qualifies you to confidently meet every condition. If you have common-sense and ambition we know that you recognize a knowledge of advertising as an important part in the education of a modern business man. We are the originators of the only successful system of teaching advertising by mail.

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Notice to Employers: Concerns desirous of engaging competent advertisement writers are requested to communicate with us. We have placed successful ad-writers and ad-managers in some of the largest houses in the world.

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now earning - $35 per week
Portland student
now earning - $60 per week
Sacramento student
now earning - $45 per week
Omaha student
now earning - $30 per week
Duluth student
now earning - $45 per week
Leavenworth student
now earning - $30 per week
Appleton student
now earning - $25 per week
Joliet student
now earning - $30 per week
Chicago student
now earning - $50 per week
Kansas City student
now earning - $25 per week
Grand Rapids student
now earning - $25 per week

Ralston PURINA CEREALS

IN A MILLION HOMES

Ralston-Purina Cereals find a welcome on the breakfast table. Among the army of housekeepers who read The Saturday Evening Post there are some who are not using Ralston-Purina Cereals. If you are among them you are depriving your family of the most healthful, the purest and most delicious food products in the world. The millions who eat Ralston-Purina Cereals know this. Ask your neighbors.

IN CHECKERBOARD PACKAGES.

The variety of Ralston-Purina Cereals pleases every member of the family. They are pure and wholesome cereals — not the kind that are artificially flavored. Stop eating ready-cooked cereals these chilly mornings and begin eating Ralston-Purina Cereals — a kind to suit every kind of an appetite.

IN THE GROCER'S STORE.

On account of enormous business we have made it possible for you to obtain Ralston-Purina Cereals from your own grocer. You can buy the full variety (5 2-lb. packages and 1 12-lb. sack of Purina Health Flour) for $1.00. If your grocer can't supply you, tell him we'll ship our foods to him fresh from the mills — freight prepaid.

"WHERE PURITY IS PARAMOUNT."

It is a most significant phrase in connection with Purina Mills. Absolute cleanliness prevails in this institution. Purina Mills has been designated the "Sunshine Mills" by the International Sunshine Society of America. You want clean things, cleanly made. When you buy Ralston-Purina Cereals made "Where Purity is Paramount," you get the very best.

For Children.

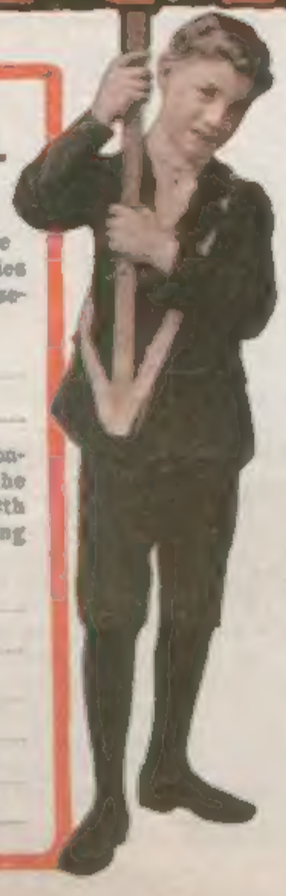
If you desire a Ralston-Purina Bank copy this form on a sheet of paper and have it signed by the three ladies who have read the advertisement.

Your name .....

Address .....

We have read the Ralston-Purina Advertisement on the back cover of the November 8th issue of The Saturday Evening Post:

1. *Name* .....
   Address .....
2. *Name* .....
   Address .....
3. *Name* .....
   Address .....



A Bank FREE.

It's easy — don't have to sell anything. Just take this advertisement of Ralston-Purina Cereals and show it to three ladies in your neighborhood and get them to ***read*** it — that's all — simply read it. They will gladly do this, and for your trouble we will send you a

RALSTON-PURINA Novelty Folding Money Bank Free.

The Bank is pretty, in six colors and very attractive. Be sure and have the ladies sign their names to the blank to show that they have read this advertisement.

You can also get a RALSTON-PURINA Bank by asking your mother to save the top of any Ralston-Purina package containing the checkerboard flour-sack. Tear it off and mail it to us and we will send you a Bank free.

PURINA MILLS,

"Where Purity is Paramount"

844 Gratiot St., ST. LOUIS, MO.